

THE CONSTITUTION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME III.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE WATERMELON.

Some poets will rhyme, by the hour, upon dreams,
And rose-buds and rainbows, and such pretty
themes;
Will spin out a column on black eyes or blue,
And think they can treat you to something quite
new;
But the charms that my muse this hot weather
shall dwell on,
Cluster thick in the rind of a plump Watermelon.
With the hot sun above, and the pavement below,
And the air, like a furnace's, all in a glow;
When the thunder-shower's past, and the sun
looks once more,
Only ten times as hot, as it looked down before,
How sweetly the sound your quick ear will swell
on,
"Away with the dishes—bring the big Water-
melon!"

Crack! goes the rind, as the knife courses round,
And smack! go our lips, at the most welcome
sound;

Two emblems—red roses and aldermen's gills,
As the juice bubbles out in luxuriant rills;—
Not one at the board but then will think well on,
And bless, in his heart, such a ripe Watermelon.

I remember the time—I was then but a boy—
With what growing and swelling emotions of joy,
I watched o'er a vine by the cucumber bed,
Till the fruit that bore grew as large as my head:
And then, when I plucked it, the pumpkin you
tell on,

Was a pigmy beside my own vast Watermelon.

And e'en now, in soft dreams, back to childhood
I float,

As the fruit so deliciously slips down my throat;
I remember the garden, the shade-tree, the grass—
Sweet shadows! in Fancy how gaily they pass:—
But they fade like all joys, and Fancy can't dwell
on

Such scenes, when I've finished the whole Wa-
termelon!

To praise thee, cool friend! so charming—deli-
cious—

Whose presence, at noon-day, with joy can enrich
us;

From thy core, ripe and rosy as country girl's lip,
Quite as sweet and enrapturing kisses I sip,
And, brimming with luxury, praises shall swell on
The breeze that blows over thee, lost Watermelon!

BENEDICK.

TWILIGHT.

The sun has left the azure sphere
The day is gone, and night is nigh,
The silent evening weeps her tear,
And breathes her warm, dissolving sigh.

This is the hour when nature's calm
Awakes the soul on passion's wing,
When ev'ry flower distils its balm
That blooms upon the breast of spring.

Then come in this delightful hour,
When wand'ring through yon fragrant grove,
Is felt a heaven-created power,
Which melts to friendship and to love.

Yon silvery moon will lend her beam
To light us lest we go astray;
Then come my love—and night will seem
Like fancy's dream to steal away.

August 1831. J. H. S.

There is at Singapore a fish, called by the natives *ikan layer*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. The sails are beautifully cut, and form a model of a fast-sailing boat; they are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal, and when a shoal of these are under sail together, they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. E. Weekly Review.

MATRIMONY.

"Oh Matrimony!—Thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs,
The good are very good indeed,
The bad, too sour to give the pigs!"

Dr. Wolcott.

"Is she engaged?"—"Is he paying attention to any one?"—"When will they be married?"—Such are the questions which are invariably heard wherever there is a gathering together of "grown up children" of the present day. Matrimony, love and courtship, form the standing subjects of conversation. The very unfrocked urchins catch the cant words of their elders, and talk of "beaus" and "wives," and act over their mimic courtships and marriages. Mothers talk to their daughters of their chances of matrimony; and fathers reckon up in the presence of their children, the amount of Bank Stock, or the acres of landed property, which are respectively held by their different visitors, neighbors, or acquaintances, and having ascertained, to a mathematical certainty, the wealthiest of the number, invariably recommend him or her as a prize worth seeking after. The first—we had almost said—the only, definite idea which a young woman just entering upon her teens can boast of, is that she *must* be married—sometime or other—to somebody or other—married well, if she can—poorly if she must—but at all events married she *must* be. The bare idea of an old maid jars upon her sensitive nerves, and acts as a spell to call up associations of disgust and horror. To her—the barren and blasted tree—blossomless and leafless—and rocking to every breeze that sweeps coldly around it, is an emblem of the state of single blessedness. She knows not—dreams not, that woman in the exercise of the holy charities and sympathies of her nature, may live on in lonely and unappropriated loneliness—like some beautiful wild flower, smiling apart from its clustered sisterhood,—

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky!"

And, wherefore all this talk of matrimony? Why should the young and beautiful so soon learn to fix her thoughts with an all engrossing interest upon this subject—to speculate and devise plans for what is usually termed "marrying well,"—which, being interpreted, signifies marrying a large estate—a handsome house without much regard to the person or the intellect necessarily appended to these desirable commodities? And what is marriage after all?—a leap in the dark—a launching out upon an untried ocean. It may indeed be happy—hearts may unite in all the felicity of kindred feeling and sympathy, melting like two clouds of a summer sunset into one another. But this cannot always be. The mysterious chords of human sympathy, are each, in a measure, distinct and peculiar—They have no general character—no definite and irreversible affinity.

"Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow."

Marriage too often takes place before the parties have been able fully to understand each other—before the guarded reserve—the dissimulation of courtship have passed away and given place to frank impulses of nature and feeling, and disappointment falls keenly and heavily upon the votaries of wedlock, when once the irrevocable vow is spoken. In the caustic language of M. de Argens in his "Philosopher turned Hermit"—"A man who would please carefully conceals his faults,—and this is woman's peculiar talent. For six long months two persons study to cheat one another, at last they are joined in wedlock, and their dissimulation proves a mutual punishment during life."

We cannot say with Edward Fitzgerald, that, "we never saw a bridal but our eyelids have been wet"—but we have seen someone at least, when we could have wept had not the fever of the world long before dried up the fountain of our childish tears. It was a marriage for money—you might read that in the miserly and decrepid form which drew up its bended proportions before the altar at the side of a young, beautiful, and simple hearted girl. She was pale—and her delicate little hand trembled as it adjusted the folds of her rich garments, and there was a quiver about her fine mouth which told of repressed agony: and, when the ceremony began, she turned one hasty glance upon her ill-suited bridegroom, and I could see her shrink from him, with a slight but evident feeling of disgust and abhorrence. I looked upon the bridegroom. He was regarding her with as much fondness as his cold and selfish heart was capable of—a miserly chuckle, as if he had just counted

over his gold—the smile of an *Ouang Ouang*. And was this the man to whom that beautiful creature was to be bound—a living and lovely being upon a lifeless corpse—beauty and greenness upon barrenness and decay? And her friends and her relatives—they stood clustering around her with their eyes fixed not upon the agonized countenance of their victim but upon the jewelry and gauds which adorned her. Fools—fools—knew they not that the victim of a pagan immolation is as gaudily decked when she is placed upon her pile of consuming; and that her sacrifice is far less terrible than that of a young and lovely creature, made in the perfect similitude of angels, and glowing with rich and ardent affections, upon the polluted shrine of Mammon. Alas! what could ever atone for this chaining of the human affections—this binding of loveliness and innocence to age, disease and avarice? Sick at the heart, we turned away from the melancholy spectacle, while these words of the immortal William Penn, rushed strongly upon our memory. "Oh, how sordid has man grown! man, the noblest creature of the universe, as a God upon Earth and the image of Him who made it, thus to mistake earth for heaven and worship gold for God!"

If not for money, marry for love. Ay, and starve for it too—starve like the bride of Jaffier. Love is a very good thing in its proper place. It will do very well—to talk of, especially in the dalliance hour of a moonlight evening when the perfect stars are looking down from above, and the flowers of Spring time are glowing like rival stars beneath. Love sounds well in theory—it is beautiful in practice—it reads well in romance—it is the soul of poetry. Love is a blessed thing in the halls of affluence—or even of competence—but it is the mortal enemy of poverty. Its home is in the romance of our young years, and when that home is violated as it too frequently is, by the gnawing wants of existence, think ye the beautiful idol will survive the utter desolation of its temple? Believe it not. There are, connected with the marriage state of the loving and the poor, a thousand difficulties—a thousand evils, unknown and unheeded in the delirium of young affection. For a time the unfortunate lover may bear up against evils which increase with the dawning of every morrow,—he may sacrifice ease and personal convenience—he may toil on in unceasing but hopeless energy, and still hide from the beautiful young creature who has given herself up to a dream of love, the doubts and fears which darken and distract his own bosom. A few months—or years more, and this dream is broken in upon—the painful truth is made manifest. Then comes the bitterness of poverty—the increasing wants—the decreasing means. Children are around them—young, innocent children—and these must also suffer. Sorrow must greet them prematurely—they must learn from the hollow cheeks and the mournful eye of their parents the awful lesson of their own destiny. Then come the coldness—the estrangement, which want and care so well calculated to produce. There is something terrible in such a change. It is like a "eypress breath"—a funeral odour exhaled from the expanding rose bud."

Call money, if you please, the "root of all evil." In the present state of society, it is the mainspring of existence,—the philosopher's lever whereby this great matter of fact world is moved. Love, without it, is but a beautiful delusion. It can neither boil the pot, nor pay for its savory contents. It cannot look unconcerned in the face of a dun, or escape the visitation of the Sheriff. It cannot shorten the long phiz of the doctor by the prompt payment of his longer bill. It cannot move the sympathy of the landlord, or reconcile the lawyer to the loss of his fee. It is an old, but we fear, a true saying, "When Poverty comes in at the door Loves goes out at the window."

TALLICOTON ART. On Monday last, in the Royal Infirmary, at Edinburg, a young man and a young woman had each a handsome *Uring* nose added to their features, by the skillful hand of Dr. Listen. The patients bore the operation with becoming fortitude; and, as they are both about the same age, it is not improbable that the griefful addition made to their physiognomy may inspire them with a wish to convert the two noses into one, by the help of a doctor of a different description.

When the Hon. F. N. was governor of Ceylon, he was addressing a native prince through the medium of an interpreter, in a high strain of courtly adulation, to each sentence of which the prince answered "Cadab." This was repeated so frequently as to induce the governor to inquire into its meaning. "He means to say," answered the interpreter, "that your Excellency lies."

The Diamond Magazine.

NIGHTINGALES.

It is amazing how much superfluous poetry and enthusiasm have been lavished on the nightingale. From Ovid to Milton—from Milton to Anacreon Moore, every bard who can cry Ah me!—and "couple but love and dove," has wasted a stanza or so, in honor of that

"Sole voice, the poet's and the Lover's bird," which charmed the ear of silence in Eden, and formed the time-piece of Romeo and Juliet in Neronia. Wordsworth, the lover of nature, and Horace Walpole—the lover of point ruffles and old Dresden—have shown themselves unanimous in this predilection, and, not content with uttering, in praise of Philomel, as much fulsome adulation as might serve to propitiate a queen, or puff a prima-donna, the scribblers of every time and every country have falsified the records of ornithology, and taught this quavering minstrel to sing with her breast against a thorn!

But hark, how these doctors disagree in their judgment on the patient and her characteristics! While one defines the nightingale as a bird which

"Turns his *and* sour to music," and Byron asserts of his transmigrated Zuleika's feathered representative, that

"It were the bulbul, but her throat,

Though mournful, pours not such a note,"

Milton defines it as

"The *wakeful* nightingale,

Who all night long her *amorous* descent sung."

Now, in point of fact, there is nothing either sad or sentimental in the song of the nightingale. It is an incessant tinkling, trilling, monotonous, yet labored effort of execution; and with the exception of the "jug, jug, jug," which occasionally interrupts the thin and Rossinian character of its strains, there is not a poetical note in its whole gamut. Philomel is the Henrietta Sontag of the woods—unimpassioned, artificial, but miraculous in point of delicacy of execution, and the fact of her being a *night* vocalist, instead of establishing her claims to sentimentality as

"Most musical, most melancholy,"

proves only the self-conviction of the bird that its strains are incompetent to vie with those of its fellow choristers—or perhaps an envious and inviolable desire of distinction. The ancient apologue of the nightingale expiring in the successful effort of rivalry with the poet's lute, proves that it has ever been suspected of a party and narrow jealousy of competition.

Who, that has ever listened to the mellow vesper hymn of the blackbird, or the thrush-notes gushing in bursts of gladness from the heart of a hawthorn bush, but must acknowledge that there dwells more poetry in their music than in all the demi-semi-quavers of the "plaintive Philomel?" What lover of poetical justice but longs to transpose the line of Petrarch,

"Egarrir Progne—e plunger Filomele," and distribute the *garritura* to the tinkling nightingale?—But we forbear!—We are conscious that the theme is importunate to our civic readers, and rustic in the ears of the clubs. But we are also aware that this midnight minstrel, whose variety is mistaken for vexation of spirit, has been heard, during the present week, to great advantage in the fashionable latitudes of Knightsbridge Barracks, and Buckingham Gardens; and whereas many of the subscribers to the Court Journal, in addition to our unlucky selves, may be at this moment plunged into the desolation of sylvan exile, in order to canvass an ungrateful county, it is probable that other ears, besides our own, may be vexed by the untimely and importunate quavering, which at this very hour of the night is bursting from the lilac trees beneath our window. With such parliamentary pilgrims we claim some sympathy; and appeal from Strawberry Hill to all the rational ears in Christendom against the monopoly of praise which has been partially bestowed on the daughter of Pandion.

London Court Journal

Ill-Required Love. The passion of love, so powerful in its influence over the most savage beasts, rules with a feeble and transitory sway over the subjects of our present inquiry. The male spider approaches the female with the greatest circumspection, fearful lest the sexual feeling should not have banished that thirst for blood which, under ordinary circumstances, induces them to prey readily on each other as on winged insects. It therefore not unfrequently happens, that if a small male approaches a large female, whose feeling unfortunately do not coincide with his own, instead of being caressed he is eaten.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, article Arachnides

From Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland.

PADDY'S STORY ABOUT A FOX.

"Paddy," said the squire, "perhaps you would favor the gentlemen with that story you once told me about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honor," said Paddy, "though I know full well the divil a one word is it you believe, nor the gentlemen won't either, though you're axin' me for it; but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

"Maybe we woul'd wait for your back being turned Paddy, to honor you with that title?"

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you woul'd do it as soon formin' my fa'e, your honor, as you often did before, and will agin, plaze God, and wekin' ——"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only tellin' the gentlemen before hand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie, and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough, but you see, gentlemen, you must remember that the fox is the cunniest baste in wbole, barrin' the wran."

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunniest a *baste* as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nest with one hole in it only, except'n the wran; but the wran builds two holes on the nest, so that if an inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a mortal fool to him; and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll see by and by, when I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a decent man he was, and woul'dn't say the thing in a lie."

"Well, you see, he kem home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood on the fire to make himself comfortable, and he tuk whatever lit le mather he had for his supper, and after that, he fel himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to understand that though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself, like, than to sleep, for it was airly; and so he jist went into bed, and there he diverted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire on the heath."

"Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, just thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but fox. But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's house was on the borthers o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut an the door, with a swingin' boord to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it pleased them; and, by dad, the fox came in as I tould you through the hole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire and sat down formin' it.

"Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out; they wron' rovin' about the woods, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischiev, and it sohappened that there wasn't as much as one individual log in the place; and, by gor, I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge."

"Well, the ranger was in hopes that some o' the dogs id come home and ketch the chap and he was loth to stir hand or fut himself, afear o' freightenin' away the fox; but, by gor, he could hardly keep his temper at all, at all, while he seed the fox take the pipe off o' the hob, where he left it alone he wint to bed and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it, (it's as thure as I'm here) he began to smoke formin' the fire, as nath'r al as any other man you ever seen."

"Masha, bad luck to your impudence, you long tailed blackguard!" says the ranger, "and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convayniert to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you," said he. But still he was loath to stir, hopin' the dogs id come home; and "by gor, my fine fellow," says he to the fox, "if one o' the dogs id come home, saltpethre wouldn't save you; and that's a strong pickel!"

"So, with that, he watched until the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cinders out o' the pipe, when he was done wid it, and the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately after gettin' an air o' the fire and a shaugh o' the pipe; and so says he, 'Failes, my lad, I won't let you go so nisy as all that as cunniest as you think yerself'; and, wid that, he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betwix it and the fox; and, now, says he, "your bread's baked, my buck, and may be my lord won't have a fine run out o' you and the dogs at your brish every pard, you morodin's thief and the divil mind you," says he, "for your impudence; for sure if you hadn't the impudence of a high-wayman's horse, it's not into my very house,

undther my nose, you'd daafer to come?" and, with that, he began to whistle for the dogs; and the tox, that stood eying him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' when he heard the whistle, and says the tox to himself, 'Troth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute, but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet headed bog trothter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the tox, 'I'll make you have the door soon and suddint'; and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues were lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what wuld you think, but the tox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it into it.

"I think that'll make you start," says the tox.

"Devil resave the start," says the ranger; "that won't do, my buck," said he; "the brogue may burn to cendthers," says he, "but out o' this I won't stir; and thin, puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gev a blast iv a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

"So that won't do," says the tox. "Well, I must thry another offer," says he; and with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

"There, now," says he, "you may keep the other company," says he, "and there's a pair o' ye now, as the divil said of his knee buckles."

"Oh, you thievin' varmin!" says the ranger, "you won't have me a tack to my feet; but no mather," says he, "your head's worth more nor a pair o' brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blessington, you're money in my pocket this minit," says he; and with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin' and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the tox an his hunkers, and puts his two fore-paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger—(Bad luck to the he I tell you!)

"Well, the ranger, and no wonder, although in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought of the tox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the tox to gain time; but, when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gev another whistle; and so says the tox, 'By my sowl!' says he, "I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be thrillin' with that black-guard ranger any more," says he, "and I must make him sensible that it is time to let me go; and, though he hasn't undtherstan' to be sorry for his brogues," I'll go bail I'll make him have that," says he, "before he'd say *sparables*; and, with that what do you think the tox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he woudn't have b'lieved it, only he seen it—the tox tuk a lighted piece iv a bog out o' the blazing fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out iv house and home; so whin the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him.

"Hilloo, hiloo! you murdherin' villain!" says he, "you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue iv a Ribboman?" and he made a dart betwix him and the bed, to save the house from being burned; but, my jey'l that was all the fox wanted; and as soon as the ranger quited the hole in the door, that he was standin' formin' the fox let go the blazin' taggot, and made one jump thro' the door and escaped.

"But before he wint, the ranger gev me his oath, that the fox turned round and gev him the most contemptible look he ever got in his life, and shewed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin'?' and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!"

LONDON POLICE.

Yesterday Mr. Travell, the proprietor of some houses in the Kent road, was brought before Mr. Hove, charged with having assaulted a Mr. Wickes. During the inquiry, the following extraordinary circumstances were related concerning the sudden death of a female possessed of a large fortune, living in tenant in one of the defendant's houses.

Mr. Wickes stated that his family had been acquainted for the last nine years with a maiden lady named Dawson, a native of America, of most eccentric habits. Her dislike to the male sex was so great that she never permitted one to enter her habitation, if she could possibly help it; and owing to this strong prejudice, the few friends she had in this country experienced much difficulty in the management of her affairs. For the last five years, Miss Dawson, who was sixty-five years of age, had been living as tenant in one of Mr. Travell's houses in the Kent-road; and although she was possessed of property in the

funds to a very large amount, yet she kept no servant, and permitted no person to enter her house. She went out occasionally to make purchases in the road, generally at the expiration of every three weeks, and on these occasions avoided as much as possible entering into discourse with any person. The last time she was seen out was about a week ago, and Mr. Wickes's family knowing her, although having very little intercourse with her, owing to her retired habits, on hearing that she died a few mornings ago, called at the house. The moment, however, Mr. Wickes expressed a desire to enter the house, for the purpose of viewing the corpse, and seeing that the deceased's property was secured, he was interrupted by Mr. Travell, the defendant, who would not permit him, and eventually, as alleged by the complainant, struck him, and by force pushed him out of the house. Mr. Travell, in answer to the charge, admitted that he refused the complainant to enter the house, conceiving that it was his habitation, he was authorised to turn him out; and that, as he was not related to the deceased, he had no business to come there and intrude himself.

The magistrate asked the defendant whether he knew of what complaint the deceased died?

Mr. Travell, in reply, said that he saw her shortly previous to her death, and that he sent for medical man, who pronounced that she died of starvation.

Mr. Wickes stated that the deceased was possessed of property to the amount of between 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, and he was confident she had always had plenty of money in the house.

The defendant said that the deceased was in his debt a quarter's rent; there was no money found in the house, the furniture was miserable in the extreme, and the only matters of consequence discovered in her apartment were documents relating to property belonging to her in the English and American funds. Owing to her strong prejudice to the male sex, and indeed her dislike to hold discourse with any person, her exact situation was not known until it was too late to be of any assistance.

Mr. Hove was of opinion that, from the extraordinary nature of the whole of the circumstances connected with the deceased's death, it was highly expedient that an inquest should be held on the body. The inquiry would also have the effect of apprising the deceased's relatives of her death.

The magistrate then gave the necessary instructions on the subject; and in reference to the assault which led to the present investigation, they inflicted a penalty of 40*s.* on the defendant, observing, that he was not justified in adopting such harsh conduct towards the complainant, who was interested in the fate of the old maiden lady, and had gone to the house on hearing of her death to render aid in securing her property from peculation.

THE TOOTHACHE.

We recollect when laboring under a fit of the blues, some years since, we rashly mingled with a large clicle of our acquaintance at an evening party; a friend casually remarked the portentous longitude of our countenance and exclaimed "Good Heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter? Are you troubled with the *toothache*?" That fatal word was the signal for a general attack. It was echoed and re-echoed from all parts of the room, with three notes of admiration appended to it. Before we could enter into any explanation we were surrounded by some dozens of officious friends of both sexes; each strongly recommending a favorite remedy, as prompt, pleasant and effectual.

"Here," exclaimed Miss Thompson, pulling out a small phial from her reticule, "is some oil of *Cloves*, saturate a little cotton with it, and carefully put it into the hollow of the tooth, and!"

"It is not half as good as *opium*," screamed Miss Johnson, an elderly maiden lady, at the same time thrusting towards us a piece of opium, about the size of a pea; "opium acts as a sedative, it dulls the pain!"

"I've tried them both frequently," said Mrs. Jackson, "and never knew any good result from either. The only sure cure for the toothache is a large *blister* applied behind the ear; dress it three days in succession with *Basilicon* and *Cantherides*!"

She was interrupted by little Miss Dickson—"did you say you never knew any good result from *Ether*. Ether is the best remedy in the world—mix it with a little *Spirits of Nitre*, and!"

"Pish!" said very ungallantly a gentleman present.

"Give me a *knitting needle*—I will heat it red hot, and then sear the nerve. I engage that the tooth shall never trouble him again."

"Scoop out the nerve with a sharp pointed *penknife*. That is a better remedy!"—muttered Mr. Smith.

"Dear me," exclaimed old Mrs. Peterson, holding up her hands, "would you commit murder and suicide at once. The best reme-

dy for the toothache is a *poultice* made of onions, milk, and horse *radish*!"

"Fill your mouth with *Cayenne Pepper* and *Brandy*, shouted Mr. Brown.

"Try the application of *cold steel*," said a would-be-wag.

"Put some *red hot ashes* in a piece of paper, and hold it to your cheek," said Miss Simpson.

"Or bathe it with *New England Rum*," added Mrs. Wilson.

"*Opodeldoc* is better," said Mrs. Watson.

"No!" exclaimed Miss Nelson. "Take a half sheet of letter-paper—roll it up—and after setting fire to one end, put the other end on the table—let it burn gradually, and by this means you will get some nice *oil of paper*, which is a sovereign."

"Oil of fiddlestick! If he has any nerve, let him try a few drops of *oil of Vitriol*," said Mr. Jarvis.

A medical practitioner, who was present, and who began instinctively to feel in his pockets at the mention of the word *toothache*, listened to these remarks with unequal vocal signs of impatience. As soon as he could obtain a hearing he exclaimed, assuming a dictatorial tone and manner:

"Nonsense! my experience teaches me, that of all the various remedies you propose, not one is effectual; they may perhaps produce a temporary alleviation of pain, which will afterwards return with redoubled violence. There is but one method of curing the toothache—*extraction*." Saying which, to my great dismay, he brandished his tooth-drawing instrument high in the air. Some of our kind friends seemed about to second his efforts in the cause of suffering humanity. It was a trying moment. We saw the danger of our situation, and making a desperate effort, burst through the throng of our tormentors, snatched up our hat, and rushed out of the house. Nor did we stop until we reached our own apartment, when overcome with fatigue, we threw ourselves on the bed after having securely fastened the door.

Exeter News Letter.

AN UGLY MUG.

Just after the last election for Southwark, Mr. Illidge, glass and earthen-ware dealer, of Great Dover-street, Borough, who was one of Mr. Calvert's committee-men, called upon that gentleman at his brewery, and, after the usual greetings, and apologizing for the liberty he was about taking, stated that he should be most happy to drink Mr. Calvert's health in a glass of his own brewing. "I should be most happy to drink yours too," replied that gentleman, "and therefore," continued the newly returned M. P., "we will walk into the counting-house, and there you shall have a glass of the finest ale in the kingdom!" "I beg pardon," replied the modest, yet domesticated committee-man, "but my good lady at home has a desire equally with myself to drink health and long life to you, and to taste your October; so, with your permission," continued Mr. Illidge, "I will send a mug in order to gratify Mrs. I. But sir, in the event of your not being at the brewery when I send, do me the favor to give me a written order, that there may be no mistake." "By all means," said Mr. Calvert, "and you shall have a mug of the finest ale in the cellar?" Whereupon the member for Southwark wrote an order, and gave it to the "free and independent elector," to the following effect: "Fill Mr. Illidge's mug with the best ale in the brewery." (Signed) "C. Calvert." The next day two men entered the premises with a large hamper slung upon a pole, and carried between them upon their shoulders, in which was a mug of the extraordinary and appalling size of at least thirteen gallons and a half. The men delivered the ale overboard as they came, with the exception of the addition of one hundred weight of ale to their load!—On its arrival at Mr. Illidge's, there were all the brother committee-men of that gentleman assembled to do honor to the toast of "Health to Calvert, and long life to him, and may nothing ever aile him!" and the evening, to use the language of the newspapers, "passed off with great hilarity, the company not separating till the morning rays of bright Sol had illuminated the east." It is now necessary to mention that Mr. Illidge, being an extensive earthen-ware dealer, the mug in question—"the great and important mug, big with the ale of Southwark's new M. P."—has been used by that gentleman for many years past as a show-mug, and is placed over the warehouse door as "a sign to passers by, of the trade therein carried on." Mr. Calvert has since laughed heartily at the joke practised upon him by Mr. Illidge. "I shall be always most happy," said the member for Southwark, "to see the light of the countenance of my worthy and indefatigable committee-man, Illidge; but, notwithstanding, curse me if ever I desire to see his ugly mug again!"

Sporting Magazine

From the Millbury Plebeian.

THE MUD WASP.

An insect usually called the mud wasp, (genus *sphex*), with legs of a bright yellow, and body of a steel blue, came into my room in the afternoon of Friday, the 22d inst., and commenced building its nest on the casing of the windows. It began by laying a thin coating of mud, and by five o'clock had covered a place about an inch square. A window was left open during the night that it might resume its labor in the morning at an early hour. I found, however, that like myself, it did not incline to make much noise until the sun was fairly up, and it did not make its appearance until eight. It then came in and surveyed the work, and went about thirty feet from this window to a moist place, and there gathered its materials for its building. It collected the earth into a ball about as large as a barley-corn, moistening it from the mouth as it gathered it, to make it adhesive, and then flew to the window and spread it out to accomplish its purpose. It went and returned once in about four or five minutes, until the first cell was finished, which was some time in the forenoon of Saturday. The nest was about an inch and a quarter in length upon the upper surface, and about an inch in diameter open at one end. The cell itself was an inch in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter. The wasp not returning after dinner, I supposed that (like myself in this particular too) it had gone away to take a siesta, vulgarly called a nap. I did not see it again that day, and when I returned from tea at six, I was surprised to find that my little laborer had come in while I was away, and completely closed up the open end of the cell.

I am happy in being able to say that he rested on the Sabbath, inasmuch as he did not, to my knowledge, once show his head, and I concluded that he had completed his undertaking. In this, however, I was happily disappointed, for on Monday he again applied himself to the constructing of a new cell with fresh industry, and completed it, with the exception of filling up the end, before noon. I found, on looking into the cell, that it had carried something into it besides mud, and believed that it was one of its eggs which it had deposited there to be hatched. But before I had time to ascertain what it was, the wasp came back with a load of mud and entirely filled up the open end. This was a *damper* to my curiosity, and while I was preparing a pointed stick to open the cell, the wasp returned and laid a foundation for a third one. I therewith determined to watch the operations more closely, and ascertain what it put into the cell before finally closing it up. The rain, on Tuesday, prevented its going on with the arrangements, and it did not resume its labor until Wednesday afternoon, when it came in and completed the third cell, except closing up the end—it was not seen again until Friday afternoon, when it came and closed up the orifice. And I had not seen it once go into it, or carry any thing in; except on one occasion when it had come with a load of mud, it found that an ever inquisitive fly had crept into the cell, and the wasp perceiving it, laid down its mud and hastily put its head in and seized the little intruder and very quickly cut off his wings and otherwise so sadly *unleashed* him that he made but a sorry figure in walking.

There being three cells, I determined on opening one of them to see what the wasp had put into it. The last one was placed upon the top of the two first and could be easily separated without injury to either of the others. On cutting it open, I was amazed to find, instead of a young wasp, nothing more or less than five small spiders, (genus *Epeorus*). It appeared, however, upon closer examination, that the wasp had deposited its egg in the cell, and it was found sticking to the body of one of the spiders. It was of a very delicate white color and about the size of the egg of a pismire. An hundred such could have been accommodated in the same cell. The spiders were of different species, but all of the same genus, with bodies about the size of a barley-corn. These spiders are placed here, it is probable, by the parent wasp, that, when the egg shall be hatched, the grub or young wasp may feed upon them. They were not dead when the cell was opened, but apparently numbed. They remain, I believe, in this torpid state to supply the young wasp with fresh and wholesome food, and are sufficient for its support until it shall come out a perfect insect, which is in about five or six weeks.

If the foregoing facts shall induce any of your readers to observe more attentively the insect creation (by far the most interesting department of natural history) or help carry with a dull hour, my objects will be satisfactorily accomplished.

July 29, 1831. Yours, &c.—

The gossip of idle inconsideration is often as pernicious in its effects, as the gossip of actual malignity; the turpitude, indeed, is not so great, but the mischief is as real.

From the Boston Traveller.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The career of Henry VIII. of England was celebrated for cold hearted cruelty and deeds of blood; and no act perhaps has doomed his name to more execrable remembrance than the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More. His fate was unequalled by any scene which Europe had witnessed since the destruction of the best and wisest of the Romans by those hideous monsters who wielded the imperial sceptre of the West. It would be difficult, indeed, to point out any man like More, after the death of Boethius, the last sage of the ancient world. Others imitated the Grecian arts of composition more happily; but when we peruse these writings of More which were produced during the freedom and boldness of his youth, we must own that no other man had so deeply imbibed, from the works of Plato and Cicero, their liberty of reasoning, their applications of philosophy to affairs and institutions, to manners and tastes; in a word, their inmost habits of thinking and feeling. He was the first Englishman who signalized himself as an orator; the first writer of a prose which is still intelligible, and probably the first layman since the beginning of authentic history who was chancellor of England.

The retrospect of his last days presents truly a mournful contemplation; and we have been much interested in the story of his execution as related in the second volume of Mackintosh's History of England, forming the sixth of Carey & Lea's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. He had been imprisoned about twelve months and was brought to trial in May, 1535. The charge against him was high treason, as he refused to take the oath to maintain the succession. He was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, but Henry changed it to beheading; and he suffered that punishment on the 7th July, 1535, in the 55th year of his age. Perhaps the death of no individual ever produced, merely by his personal qualities, so much sorrow and horror, as that of Sir Thomas More. A general cry sounded over Europe. The just fame of the sufferer, the eloquent pen of his friend Erasmus, the execrable pride of the Roman church in so glorious a martyr, and the atrocious effrontery of the means used to compass his destruction, contributed to spread indignation and abhorrence. We copy a sketch of the closing scene in his life from the history above alluded to, which should find a place in every one's library.

"On his return from his arraignment at Westminster, Margaret Roper, his first born child, waited on the Tower wharf, where he landed, to see her father, as she feared for the last time; and, after he had stretched out his arms in token of a blessing, whilst she knelt at some distance to implore and receive it, "she hastened towards him, without consideration or care for herself, pressing in among the throng, and the arms of the guard, that with halberds and bills went around him, took him about the neck and kissed him. He, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection, gave her again his fatherly blessing. After she was departed, she, like one that had forgotten herself, being all entirely ravished with the love of her father, having respect neither to herself, nor to the multitude, turned back, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times, kissed him most lovingly, the beholding of which, made many who were present, for sorrow thereof, to weep and to mourn." In his answer to her on the last day of his life, he expressed himself thus touchingly, in characters traced with a coal, the only means of writing which were left within his reach—"Dear Megg, I never liked your manner better towards me as when you kissed me last; for I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy." On the morning of his execution, he entreated that his darling daughter might be allowed to attend his funeral. He was noted among his friends for the strength of his natural affection, and for the warmth of all the household and family kindnesses which bless a home. But he prized Margaret above his other progeny, which she merited by resemblance to himself in beauty of form, in power of mind, in variety of accomplishments, and above all, in a pure and tender nature. His innocent playfulness did not forsake him in his last moments. His harmless pleasantry, in which he habitually indulged, now showed his perfectly natural character, together with a quiet cheerfulness of mind, which formed the graceful close of a virtuous life. The only petition he made on the day of execution, was that his beloved Margaret might be allowed to be present at his burial. His friend, Sir Thomas Pope, who was sent to announce to More his doom, answered, "the king is already content that your wife, children, and other friends may be present thereto." Pope, on taking his leave, could not refrain from weeping,

More comforted him:—"I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we are sure to live and love together in joyful bliss."

When going to the scaffold, which was so weak that it seemed ready to fall, he said to the lieutenant, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and, as to coming down, let me shift for myself." Observing some signs of shame in the executioner, he said, "Pluck up thy spirits, man:—my neck is very short; take heed therefore of a stroke awry, by which you will lose your credit." On kneeling to receive the fatal stroke, he said to the executioner, "My beard has not offended the king, let me put it aside." That the whole of his deportment in his dying moments, thus full of tenderness and pleasantness, of natural affection, of benevolent religion, came without effort from his heart, is apparent from the perfect simplicity with which he conducted his own defence, in every part of which he avoided all approaches to theatrical menace or ostentatious defiance, and, instead of provoking his judges to violence, seemed, by his example, willing to teach them the decorum and mildness of the judgment seat. He used all the means of defence which law or fact afforded, as calmly as if he expected justice. Throughout his sufferings, he betrayed no need of the base aids from pride and passion which often bestow counterfeit fortitude on a public death. The love of Margaret Roper continued to display itself in those outwardly unavailing tokens of tenderness to his remains, by which affection seems to perpetuate itself; ineffectual, indeed, for the object, but very effectually for softening the heart and exalting the soul. She procured his head to be taken down from London Bridge, where more odious passions had struggled in pursuit of a species of infernal immortality by placing it. She kept it during her life as a sacred relic, and was buried with that object of fondness in her arms, nine years after she was separated from her father.—Erasmus called her the ornament of her Britain, and the flower of the learned matrons of England, at a time when education consisted only of the revived study of ancient learning. He survived More only a few months, but composed a beautiful account of his martyrdom, though, with his wonted carefulness, under an imaginary name.

A PATRIOT PREACHER.

The other evening we heard a gentleman relate an anecdote which ought to be recorded. It is this:

At that eventful period when our country was invaded by Frobisher, a clergyman, resident about thirty miles from this, exhorted his flock to march to Plattsburgh and repel the army. Many did so. After they had departed the guardians of liberties, as well as souls, called together those who had remained, for the purpose of offering up prayer for the success of those who had departed, and when they had assembled he could not find an "able bodied man" among his congregation. It was composed of females and decrepit old men. A scene like this was fuel to the feelings and food for the emotions of the heart of a patriot, and the preacher was not wholly unmoved by it. He commenced a prayer—He faltered. Here-commenced again he faltered. The emotions of his heart choked up the avenues of his soul and the burning feelings of the patriot had got the mastery of the calm, mellifluous strains of the preacher. He arose from his knees and exclaimed "I can not pray when my mind is not on my Maker—and I confess, it now centres on Plattsburgh—whether I shall repair with all possible speed and render my feeble assistance in defence of the civil and religious liberty, which we now enjoy." He immediately embraced the weeping congregation—bid them a hearty "good bye"—imploring a blessing—took his gun and followed his brethren to the field of battle.

Plattsburgh Republican.

Resurrection. A man not twenty miles from the capitol of —, was the other day recognized by several sober citizens, by the way side, in such a situation, as to induce the belief that he was dead, and that he had come to his untimely fate, either by mischance or the hand of violence. A magistrate was immediately called upon, who after hastily referring to the Statutes, and a Book of Forms and precedents, placed a volume under each arm, and with appropriate solemnity, moved to the fatal spot, calling as he passed, upon his neighbors to the number of fifteen, to serve as a jury of inquest. The jury was duly impanelled, sworn and charged to decline the death of the person, whether he died of *Felony*, &c.—when to the astonishment of all present, the apparently lifeless corpse moved faintly raising his head, and with the muffled tongue of a votary of Bacchus, exclaimed, "I have an objection to one of the jury!"

From the Boston Traveller.

Salem Witchcraft. Carter, Hendee & Babcock have lately published a small volume called *Lectures on Witchcraft*; by the Rev. Chas. W. Upham of Salem. It gives the best account of the remarkable delusion in Salem in 1692, the memorable days of witchcraft, that we have ever met with. It is a particularly and faithful record of facts, accompanied by judicious and philosophical remarks, and yet contains all the interest of a highly wrought fictitious narrative. The Reverend author has evidently examined the subject with the eye of a philosopher, and the heart of a Christian; and it is some evidence of the estimation in which his labors are held, that the volume has met with a speedy sale in every section of the country. We have marked a number of passages for publication: the following is one of them:

To illustrate the condition of society at this dreadful time I will relate the circumstances connected with the arrest of the wife of Philip English. This gentleman was possessed of a very large estate for that period. He owned fourteen buildings, a wharf in the lower part of the town, and twenty-one sail of vessels; his dwelling house is still standing, and bears marks of having been constructed upon the best style of that day; it is situated at the eastern termination of Essex street, and is a venerable and curious specimen of our ancient architecture. Mrs. English was a lady of accomplished education and superior endowments. In consequence of several pecuniary controversies in which her husband had been engaged with the town, and perhaps from a want of sympathy arising from other causes between his family and the poorer people of the place, they were not popular.—Many persons entertained jealousies and cherished feelings of aversion towards them. This was the case with some of the accusers, and they determined to gratify their malignity by getting Mr. English and his wife hanged for witchcraft. They accordingly commenced by accusing Mrs. English. The officer entered her dwelling on the evening of the 21st of April, read his warrant in her bed chamber, and placed guards around the house, intending to carry her to prison the next day. So utterly hopeless at that time was the condition of any one who might happen to fall under the accusation of witchcraft, that Mrs. E. considered herself lost. In the morning she attended the devotions of her family, gave directions for the education of her children, kissed them, clasped them in her arms, commended them to God, bid them farewell, and then committed herself to the sheriff, declaring her readiness to die. Mr. English hoping that by placing himself beyond the reach of the persecutor, he might more easily promote the release of his wife, either concealed himself or retired from this part of the country. Several ineffectual attempts were made to arrest him. Finding, however, that he could not protect or rescue her from the power of the initiated magistrates, he came forward, voluntarily surrendered himself, and expressed his determination to share her fate. They found means, however, to effect their escape, and fled to New-York. It ought to be mentioned, to the honor of Mr. English, and never forgotten by the people of Salem, that notwithstanding the treatment he and his family had received, he sent from the place of his refuge generous donations to our suffering poor at a season of great distress the next winter. To the honor of the people too it should be recorded, that when their fanatical delirium had passed away, they welcomed him and his family back with public rejoicings, and did every thing in their power to make restitution and compensation for the injury they had inflicted upon them.

Anecdote of Paganini.—We have heard an anecdote of this extraordinary man, which speaks volumes for the goodness of his heart. One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, he saw a poor boy playing upon his violin, and, on entering into conversation with him, he found that he maintained his mother and several little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as an itinerant musician. Paganini immediately gave him all the money he had about him; then, taking the boy's violin, commenced playing, and, when he had collected a vast crowd, pulled off his hat, made a collection and gave it to the poor boy amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

Atheneum.

It is almost as difficult to make a man learn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information. Error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 27, 1831.

LIVING AT SEA.

"It is sometimes desput hard living at sea as I've understood," said Mrs. Marvel, who had been attentively listening to some of the long yarns of her nephew, Jack Tafraill.

"Not so very hard neither," replied Jack; "we can generally get a supply of good sound beef-barrels."

"Beef-barrels!" exclaimed the old lady—"is it possible the poor creatures have to live on beef-barrels?"

"They are very fine eating, ma'am, I can assure you," said Jack with a very grave face—"the only difficulty is to keep the sailors eat the barrels."

"Are they so ravenous?" asked Mrs. Marvel, "that they can't wait?"

"Ravenous! by the Lord Harry, if you'd only seen them, as I have, eating a hand-spike without pepper or salt, you'd think nothing at all of their eating a beef-barrel."

"The massy on me! I'd no ideer the poor creatures ever come to so short commons."

"Short! I believe you'd think it long enough before they'd eaten up a handspike."

"I dare say I should, for I've lost almost all my teeth."

"But if you hadn't, you'd find it no such short job to eat a hand-spike, I can tell you. Why do you know it took me once a whole week to eat up one—but 'twas made of the best white oak."

"Ah well!" said Mrs. Marvel, lifting up her eyes in unfeigned astonishment—"I thank heaven, I was made a woman, and no sailor."

"Tisn't every woman that's no sailor though, aunty. There was Tom Roundface shipped with us from Belfast—as fine a rosy-cheeked Irishman—or rather Irish-woman—as ever went aloft. He belonged to my mess. Every body liked the snug little sailor, and would have shared with him the last bit of pig-tail in his box. But he couldnt endure hard-ships like the rest of us—bless his rosy cheeks! He fell sick, and while he was delirious like, it came out that he was a woman, and no man."

"Poor creature! did she live on marlin-spikes too?"

"She! no, bless your soul; as soon as she was discovered to be a delicate woman, and no man, she was allowed to mess with the Captain's wife, and live on the very best."

"I suppose she had tea and coffee and bread and butter."

"Tea! Oh, yes—black tea."

"Shuson, or bohea? But no matter—either or 'em is very good—and a great deal more healthier than your green teas."

"That may be, ma'am—but I can tell you 'twas neither souchong nor bohea; but blacker than either."

"Blacker! massy on me! I wonder what sort of tea it was."

"Oakum."

"Opium! Oh, Lord! do they make tea out of that pizen stuff? I should think they'd never wake no more."

"Not opium, aunty—but oakum."

"What, such stuff as the culprits pick in the tenpennytennary?"

"Ay—we shipped a hundred weight for the use of the Captain and his lady."

"Faugh! I'd as soon drink tea made out of tobacco."

"It's very good though, when you once learn to like it. As to bread and butter, that was out of the question. To be sure, they had good ship's bread, made partly of rye-meal and partly of plaster of paris and saw-dust; but as for butter, that was not to be thought of aboard ship."

"No butter!"

"No."

"Nor nothing to spread on their bread?"

"Nothing! Oh, yes, they had plenty of good fresh tar."

"Tar, do you say?"

"Ay."

"Do they butter their bread with tar? Well, that beats all I ever heard of—I wouldnt go to sea for nothing in the world. Butter their bread with tar! La, me, how do they get it down?"

"By swallowing, aunty."

"By swallowing! why, don't it stick in their throats?"

"Oh—ay—a little at first. But as soon as it gets warm, it runs down. The common sailors you must know never get any—it's a notch or two

above their diet. Howsoever, I remember we tapped the tar-barrel one night unbeknown to the Captain—I and the rest of my mess—and got out a pound for each man, and thought we'd have one glorious meal. But it come to the ears of the Captain, and if we hadn't persuaded him 'twas the rats, we should have had a round dozen apiece, every boy aboard ship."

"I suppose they have chickens and such like to eat in the cabin?"

"That's true—there are a few starved things—and as soon as they're gone, the sailors eat the hencoops."

"Well, I should think they were better than marlinspikes or beef-barrels—being made of pine, and therefore more tenderer—and besides, they must taste of the chickens a little, and that's something you know, for there aint no better eating in the world than a good chicken. But how do they cook the hencoops?"

"Why, they make a stew of them, mixed up with a few bits of rope's end, and sometimes a head or two of sponge, if they can get any fresh from the bottom of the sea."

"I always understood that vegetables was a charming remedy for the scurvy."

"Nothing better—we had several men cured by putting sponge into their broth, with a little seasoning of fish-hooks."

"I've often heard they have some dreadful scurvy people aboard the ships. I wonder, for my part, that folks will go to sea, to live on beef-barrels and hencoops and marlinspikes."

"Beef-barrels and hen-coops are not a dish to be sneezed at. The worst of it is, that a body must wait until the fowls and beef are used up, before they can eat the coops and the barrels."

"What an appetite sailors must have! and what an astonishing digestion too! But I dare say they have all good teeth, and stomachs that can digest any thing."

"Why, yes, aunty, that's true enough for the most part. But there was Will Mungum—poor fellow—he'd just come to sea, and like to have died one day after eating a bit of a handspike—and would, if he hadn't taken a dose of the trade winds."

"Trade winds! well, that's the queerest kind of trade I ever heard of. How does it operate?"

"Very much like an anti-phlegmatic."

"Ah, me! if such are the hardships of a seafaring life, I'll persuade your cousin Jim, who has a great notion of going to sea, to stay at home where he can get something good to eat. Massy on me! I wonder how you lived through it all, Jack."

"I had my life insured."

SNAKE STORY.

Respecting the following snake story, related in the Exeter News-Letter, there can be no manner of doubt. We have heard an old farmer relate it, every hay-time, for twenty years. There is a slight difference in the location of the scene—Instead of Chester, N. H. it was placed by our farmer in Pepperell, Ms. He also averred positively, that the poor snake was stripped into shoe-strings.

"In Chester, in this State, there is an elevated spot, well known as Rattlesnake hill, which received its name from having been formerly considered as a favorite resort for rattlesnakes. It is believed that these reptiles occasionally visit the low lands in search of water, and some singular circumstances are related, which once occurred in the vicinity of Chester, and which we shall record for the edification of our readers.

"On a sultry day in the month of August, some men were mowing in a meadow, which was in many places overflowed with water—having to wade considerably, their garments became cumbersome and heavy. Being at a distance from any house, or public road, one of the number, Mr. Smith, thought proper for his own convenience, to divest himself of his *untalkaboutables*. Thus airily accounted, Mr. Smith resumed his labor with redoubled energy. As he approached the borders of the meadow, a large rattlesnake, which was supposed to have wandered from his den in a ledge of rocks not far off, suddenly gave evidence of his dangerous proximity by shaking his rattles, and before the affrighted haymaker could drop his scythe and flee, the ferocious reptile made a spring, and his sharp and crooked fangs, passed through the skirt of the only garment which Smith then wore, and which was manufactured of *homemade* materials, particularly coarse and strong. The poor man started with a yell, which was heard for miles; rushed through the meadow—leaped over the fence—threaded narrow paths obstructed by bushes and stones; until he gained the high road—every now and then casting a frenzied look behind, to see if the snake still kept its station in his rear. The astonished ser-

pent followed him, *will ye, will ye*, clinging fast to his shirt, which was streaming out like a waving ensign behind. Smith continued his flight along the road towards his own house, with comet-like velocity; much to the wonder of the passing travellers, who attributed his strange conduct to a fit of insanity. At length he reached his own house—burst open the door—and throwing himself into a chair, fainted away. The rattlesnake was still close upon his heels, but mutilated and dead."

RUNAWAY APPRENTICES.

The condition of masters in this country, in relation to apprentices is as bad as can well be imagined. They have no security for their services. Even the indenture is of little avail. The apprentice, as soon as he has got some little insight into his trade, finding he can get more money by leaving his master than by continuing faithful to him, forthwith absconds and seeks employment in some other shop. And, what is too often the case, he meets with no difficulty in finding it. He may be a smart lad, and with good general habits; and being willing to work on very low wages, prove a profitable hand to his employer. But he, even, has no security for the lad's continuing in his employ, for, acquiring a little more knowledge, he begins to calculate on higher wages, and soon clears out for some new engagement.

This condition of things is injurious to all concerned—not only to masters, but to journeymen, and even apprentices themselves. The master, as we said before, has no security for the services of the apprentice. After instructing, feeding and clothing him for two or three years—undergoing much trouble and expense with little or no remuneration, in hopes the lad will prove profitable by and by—all at once he finds his calculations have failed, for the youngster has absconded. He has been laboring to sow the seed, but is deprived of the advantage of reaping the harvest.

The journeyman suffers by this state of things, because the runaway apprentice, working for lower wages in proportion to the labor he performs, gets employment to the exclusion of the regularly educated workman; and men, who have faithfully served out their time in expectation of reaping the just reward, are put by for the faithless young fellow whom no bargain nor indenture could bind to the interests of his master.

But while the master and the journeyman are suffering, the apprentice himself is not ultimately benefitted, but generally injured by this state of things. In the first place, by leaving his master, he commits an act of dishonesty; and his mind is so far corrupted. Having succeeded in this one act, he may be induced to commit others; and thus going on from bad to worse, become in the end an outcast from society. But allowing this should not be the case, he is not likely to be benefitted, or to turn out the richer for having robbed his master of his due services. In going from one place to another he must necessarily spend both time and money; and, between the leaving of one employer and the finding of another, there will frequently be considerable intervals, during which, though no money is made, some must necessarily be expended. The lad, by shifting from place to place and being sometimes out of employ, acquires a habit of idleness and dissipation, which will probably adhere to him through life. By having nobody to guide his steps or direct him in the choice of society, he is apt to get into bad company, and to suffer the consequent evils. Though he may make more money by forsaking his master, he is also certain to spend more; so that by the time he is twenty-one, he will be no better off even in a pecuniary point of view, than if he had faithfully served out his regular period. On the contrary, he will generally come out the poorer—having contracted debts, and not being so well clad as those who have continued faithful to their engagements.

Is there no remedy for this state of things? The law affords but a very partial one; for though the apprentice be indentured, it depends on too great a variety of circumstances whether the master will be able to recover anything for his injured rights. He may possibly reclaim the person of the runaway; but he cannot keep him or make him serviceable while he does stay. He may prosecute and recover judgment for the apprentice's loss of time—provided he can catch him after he becomes a man; but there is no certainty, that, with the judgment, he will recover the money.

We should think, however, an effectual remedy for runaway apprentices might be found in a union and concert of masters. Let no mechanic give employment to an apprentice who has not faithfully served out his time, and cannot produce a certificate

from his master that such is the case. Thus the encouragement to run away will be removed; and all parties will be gainers. Masters will do a reciprocal kindness; journeymen will be benefitted; and apprentices themselves saved from ruin.

STEALING A MARCH. We find in the *Anabasis* an excellent joke. Xenophon and Chirisophus were the principal leaders of the famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Chirisophus was a Lacedaemonian; and it is well known, that among his countrymen stealing was not only allowed but encouraged, provided it was done with so much ingenuity as not to be detected—otherwise the thief was severely punished, not for the theft, but merely for being found out.

On a certain occasion during the Retreat, Xenophon advised to steal a march during the night so as to gain possession of an eminence that commanded the enemy's camp:—"But why?" said he, addressing himself to Chirisophus, "do I mention stealing? since I am informed that among you Lacedaemonians those of the first rank practise it from their childhood, and that instead of being a dishonor, it is your duty to steal those things which the law has not forbidden; and to the end you may learn to steal with the greatest dexterity and secrecy imaginable, your laws have provided that those who are taken in a theft shall be whipped. This is the time, therefore for you to show how far your education has improved you, and to take care that in stealing this march we are not discovered, lest we smart severely for it."

A TALE UNFOLDED. Among the thousand and one counterfeits recorded in Bicknell's *Detector*, is one at St. Louis, unfolding a tale of ingenious deception rarely to be met with. It is no less than snugly tacking the tail of a raccoon to the skin of an opossum. Who will trust hereafter to the Western currency?

AN OLD SERPENT. A North Carolina paper tells of a rattlesnake killed at Rutherford, that had *sixty-seven* rattles; and that his skin being taken off, required *five pecks* of bran in the stuffing. This must have been the very Old Serpent himself; and shows most conclusively the healthiness of the climate of N. C.

AERIAL VOYAGE. An immense crowd of people assembled on Wednesday last, at the Battery and in Castle Garden, to witness the ascent of Mr. Durant from the latter place. He went up in fine style; and as there was but little air stirring, he performed his whole voyage in sight of the assembled multitude. He did not, like other aeronauts, sail away and land in some distant cornfield, to the great terror of the farmer and his neighbors. He merely circumnavigated Governor's Island, then returned and landed in the Garden from whence he arose. This was something new in aerial voyaging, and was duly appreciated by the spectators, who hailed his return with loud huzzas, and as he alighted eagerly crowded around the car to take him by the hand.

SIAMESE ARGUMENT. In the late trial of the Siamese Twins—on the complaint of Mr. Prescott, that he believed his life was in danger—one of them used the following argument, which is void neither of sound reasoning nor of wit. Addressing Mr. Prescott, he said:—

"You swear you afraid of me; you afraid I kill you, shoot you—at same time you know I have guns—you see I shoot you if I choose—and you keep round me, following me about—I ask you civilly not to follow me—you won't let me go away—you call me and my mother hard name—and yet you swear you afraid I kill you. Now, suppose I see a man in my country, in Siam—he goes out into woods, and sees a lion asleep—he say 'Oh! I afraid that lion kill me'—what I think of that man that he go up and give that lion a kick and say get out you ugly beast? I wish you'd answer me that."

SPASMODIC CHOLERA. In tracing the progress of the Indian or Spasmodic Cholera, we find on the map an island called Celebes, which, though included in the infected district, seems wholly to have escaped the disease. Now *Celebes* being interpreted, signifies *Bachelors*; it is therefore the Isle of Bachelors, which has so wonderfully escaped the infection. We do not notice this or the sake of alarming our married friends—but rather as a matter of consolation to such of the single brotherhood as are apt to repine at their state of solitary blessedness.

BULWER is writing a novel, founded on the story of *Eugene Aram*. On this subject our readers will probably recollect Hood's Poem, published two or three years since, and we think one of the finest ever written.

TRUTH IN A PUN. The Philadelphia *Gazette* avers, with great truth, that the *bills* of mosquitoes are a great bore.

EMPTINESS AND BOMBAST. Writers, who have fewest ideas, are apt to think most of the grandeur of their style; and in proportion to the emptiness of their heads is the bombast of their periods. Such a style reminds one of a man who is made solely by his tailor—take away his clothes, and he is nothing.

ABSURDITY OF OATHS. Nothing can be more absurd than the requirement of oaths. They have no moral force. They neither confer any new obligation, nor modify any existing one. They cannot bind a man to do wrong, and he is bound to do right without them.

THEATRE. The Park, we understand, will re-open on Monday next, with the Opera of *Cinderella*. Mrs. Barrymore and Master Weiland of the Drury Lane Theatre are engaged, and will appear the same evening in the Melo-drama of the *Dumb Savoyard*.

GRAND JURY'S PRESENTMENT. The subject of the Magdalene Report has at length been taken up by the Grand Jury, who, after a thorough investigation, state, that the number of abandoned females in the city does not exceed 1438—a little more than ONE SEVENTH of the number stated in the Report.

The above was prepared for the press last week—but, by some “malign influence” or other, was omitted in the publication. The truth, however, of which it is a statement, is of too much consequence to the character of our city, not to be circulated at least as widely as the false Report itself.

MR. EDITOR.

I am a young woman who endeavor to obtain an honest living by my needle. I have a bedrid mother and two little sisters, the eldest not above seven years of age, also dependent on my exertions. I have for three years maintained myself and them, and never asked charity of the public; though with the small remuneration I receive for my work, it is almost impossible to provide ourselves with decent food and clothing.

But what can I do? My mother and sisters are dependent on me, and I am dependent on myself. No rich man will marry me, because I am a poor seamstress; though I fancy I look as well, and should make as good a house keeper as most girls among my acquaintances. But such is the misfortune of being poor and a seamstress. Besides, nobody would want my bedrid-mother and my two little sisters along with me.

I must therefore be content to work as I have done with my needle, and I should do so with the greatest cheerfulness, were it not that the present prices of making garments are so miserably low. From one to two shillings for making a vest or pair of pantaloons! Think of that, Mr. Editor. I would were a man, with the power of regulating the prices of sewing; then should not poor women be so miserably rewarded. I would raise their wages at once; and send them home each Saturday night with smiling countenances and glad hearts. I would not take advantage of their poverty and want of employment, to obtain their services for almost nothing. That is unmanly.

But I must not waste my time in writing. It is now ten o'clock at night, and I must finish a vest, which is now but half done, before I sleep. I have written thus much to call to your mind the condition of one of a thousand poor seamstresses—knowing that you are the friend of justice and equal rewards according to every body's merits. Is it not too bad, that those who grow rich by keeping us poor, should thus draw the life blood from the fingers of poor helpless females?

your humble servant,
NANCY NEEDLE.

DECIBLARY SELECTIONS.

The following is from Walsh's "Notices of Brazil," lately published.

INSIDE OF A SLAVE SHIP.

The first object that struck us, was an enormous gun, turning on a swivel, on deck, the constant appendage of a pirate; and the next were large kettles for cooking, on the bows, the usual apparatus of a slaver. Our boat was next hoisted out, and I went on board with the officers. When we mounted her decks, we found her full of slaves. She had taken in, on the coast of Africa, 336 males and 226 females, making in all 562, and had been out seventeen days, during which she had thrown overboard fifty-five. The slaves were all enclosed under grated hatchways, between decks. The space was so low, that they sat between each other's legs, and stowed so close together that there was no possibility of their lying down, or at all changing their position, by night

or day. As they belonged to, and were shipped on account of different individuals, they were all branded, like sheep, with the owners' marks of different forms.

Over the hatchway stood a ferocious looking fellow with a scourge of many twisted thongs in his hand, who was the slave-driver of the ship, and whenever he heard the slightest noise below, he shook it over them, and seemed eager to exercise it. I was quite pleased to take this hateful badge out of his hand, and I have kept it ever since, as a horrid memorial of reality, should I ever be disposed to forget the scene I witnessed.

As soon as the poor creatures saw us looking down at them, their dark and melancholy visages brightened up. They perceived something of sympathy and kindness in our looks, which they had not been accustomed to, and feeling instinctively that we were friends, they immediately began to shout and clap their hands. One or two had picked up a few Portuguese words, and cried out “Viva! viva!” The women were particularly excited. They all held up their arms, and when we bent down and shook hands with them they could not contain their delight; they endeavored to scramble upon their knees, stretching up to kiss our hands, and we understood that they knew we had come to liberate them. Some, however, hung down their heads in apparent hopeless dejection; some were greatly emaciated, and some, particularly children, seemed dying.

But the circumstance which struck us most forcibly, was, how it was possible for such a number of human beings to exist packed up and wedged together as tight as they could cram, in low cells, three feet high, the greater part of which, except that immediately under the grated hatchways, was shut out from light or air, and this when the thermometer exposed to the open sky, was standing in the shade on our deck, at 89 degrees. The space between decks was divided into compartments, 3 feet 3 inches high; the size of one was 16 feet by 18, and of the other 40 by 21; into the first were crammed the women and girls; into the second the men and boys; 226 fellow creatures were thus thrust into one space 228 feet square, and 336 into another space 800 ft square, giving to the whole an average of 23 inches, and to each of the women not more than 13 inches, though many of them were pregnant. We also found manacles and fetters of different kinds, but it appears they had all been taken off before we hoarded.

The heat of these horrid places was so great and the odor so offensive, that it was quite impossible to enter them, even had there been room. They were measured as above when the slaves had left them. The officers insisted that the poor suffering creatures should be admitted on deck to get air and water.—This was opposed by the mate of the slaver, who from a feeling that they deserved it, declared they would murder them all. The officers, however, persisted, and the poor beings were all turned up together.

It is impossible to conceive the effect of this eruption—517 fellow creatures of all ages and sexes, some children, some adults, some old men and women, all in a state of nudity, scrambling out together, to taste the luxury of a little fresh air and water. They came swarming up, like bees from the aperture of a hive, till the whole deck was crowded to suffocation, from stem to stern; so that it was impossible to imagine where they could all have come from, or how they could have been stowed away.—On looking into the places where they had been crammed, there were found some children next the sides of the ship, in the places most remote from light and air; they were lying nearly in a torpid state, after the rest had turned out. The little creatures seemed indifferent as to life or death, and when they were carried on deck many of them could not stand.

After enjoying for a short time the unusual luxury of air, some water was brought: it was then that the extent of their sufferings was exposed in a fearful manner. They all rushed like maniacs towards it. No entreaties, or threats, or blows, could restrain them; they shrieked, and struggled and fought with one another, for a drop of this precious liquid, as if they grew rabid at the sight of it. There is nothing which slaves, in the mid-passage, suffer from so much as the want of water. It is sometimes usual to take out casks filled with sea-water, as ballast, and when the slaves are received on board, to start the casks and refill them with fresh. On one occasion a ship from Bahia neglected to change the contents of the casks, and on their mid-passage found, to their horror, that they were filled with nothing but salt water. All the slaves on board perished!

We could judge of the extent of their sufferings from the afflicting sight we now

saw. When the poor creatures were ordered down again, several of them came and presented their heads against our knees, with looks of the greatest anguish, at the thought of returning to the horrid place of suffering below.

From the New-England Magazine.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

It is to his grace and elegance that Mr. Halleck owes his universal popularity, for, take the world through, these are the qualities most generally acceptable. Grace of manner without beauty of person, goes farther than the latter without the former, to say nothing of its wearing so much better. And in the same way, grace and elegance of expression will secure a man a greater number of readers than originality or profoundness of thought without the charm of felicitous diction. In illustration of this remark, we never met with a person who did not read Mr. Halleck's poetry with pleasure. One man admires Pope, and another Byron, and another Wordsworth, but all are charmed with “Alnwick Castle” and “Connecticut.”

His power of language is truly magical. The right words always come at his bidding, and he puts them invariably into the right places. He has cut into the very heart of the noble Saxon tongue, and his language has a racy and idiomatic flavor, worthy of English verse in other days, when it was in its early and vigorous manhood. He is unconsciously graphic in his style; he does not write merely, but he paints, and his poems are a gallery of pictures. He is free from the common and obvious faults of style. He is not obscure, nor diffuse, nor unnatural. He is never in the unhappy predicament of a man who “knows but can't express himself.” Neither is there any affectation or trickery about him; he never uses quaint or out-of-the-way words, but he is distinguished by a straight-forward manly simplicity, which opens our hearts to him at once.

There is one of Mr. Halleck's poems which stands alone, and is beyond the range of the remarks we have been making. We need hardly say that we refer to the lines on Marco Bozzaris, which cannot be praised in too extravagant terms, and which makes us half inclined to take back what we said in the early part of this paper, and disposed to rank their author, at once, among the first class of poets. Of this splendid poem it is not too much to say, that it has not its superior of its kind, in the English, or, we may venture to add, in any other language. It is worthy of being bound up with *Pindar* and *Filacaia*. Never did the lyric muse soar on a more vigorous pinion or reach a higher elevation. Every line is brimful of inspiration and every word is baptized in fire. It is such a poem as might have been written by Eschylus, and sung by the Grecian army, as the setting sun bathed in his golden splendor their victorious banners upon the plains of Marathon. It is one of those poems with which the rules of ordinary criticism have nothing to do. It is above their atmosphere, if we may so say. To apply them to it would be like measuring the arch of a rainbow by trigonometry, or gauging the solid contents of the gold and crimson clouds that gather round the dying sun. It addresses itself to the senses as well as to the understanding, and it is felt in the blood no less than in the heart. It brings before us the glorious sights and sounds of war, the gleam of armor, the waving of plumes, and the streaming of banners, “the thunders of the captains and the shouting,” the fierce voice of the trumpet, and the faint buzzes of dying conquerors. The eye and the cheek kindle and the heart burns as we read, and we could rise up and charge the Macedonian phalanx with a single rush in our hands.—The quiet fume of a scholar, for a moment, seems poor and tame to the blaze of a hero's glory, like the glow-worm's lamp to the sun at noonday. Though its illustrious subject died in the arms of victory and in the holy cause of liberty, we cannot but think he would have felt an additional glow of satisfaction, had he known of the glorious monument, which the genius of poetry was to rear for him in a land beyond his “sire's island of the blest.”

It is fashionable in criticising an author, to say something about his faults, and without stopping to consider Mr. Halleck's less obvious defects, (which we might have some difficulty in finding out) we propose to close our article with saying a word or two upon his great and prominent fault,—which is that he has written so little. Now, although there are many things in this world which are valuable in the inverse ratio of their abundance, we never heard that Poetry was one of them. Even if it be what one of the Father's called it, the “Devil's wine,” it cannot be denied that a small dose is as intoxicating as a large one. Perhaps it may be said, that, in these

days of Souvenirs and Magazines, the infrequency of the fault should be its apology, but he has no more right to be chary of his favors than the mob of poets have to be so liberal. If he thinks that his own tones of finest melody will be unheard amid the tumultuous bray of the long-eared race, we will reply by a pretty fable from Lessing, which is very good and very short. A shepherd once complained to a nightingale that he did not sing. “Alas,” said the nightingale, “the frogs make such a croaking that I have no wish to sing.” “True,” replied the shepherd, “but it is because you are silent that we hear them.”

In short, Mr. Halleck owes it to himself, his country, and the reading public, that he should write often. He has heard, probably, of a somewhat musty proverb, about a bird that can sing and won't sing, and if we were the autocrat of Russia, and he one of our subjects, we should insist upon his writing so many lines a year, on pain of being sent to Siberia.

From the Liverpool Mercury, July 1st.

DEATH OF WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

With no ordinary feelings of regret we have to announce the death of our distinguished and philanthropic townsman, Wm. Roscoe, Esq. yesterday, at his residence, in the 79th year of his age.

Known at a distance as the elegant and enlightened historian and scholar, it was amongst those only who had the high privilege of being his more immediate friends, that his Christian and truly catholic spirit, his enlarged and comprehensive views, his touching simplicity of mind, his charity for all who differed from him, and his firmness and consistency in supporting his own opinions, could be fully known and appreciated.

For more than fifty years he was the dauntless and uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty, and of all those liberal measures which have since received the sanction of public or legislative approbation. In a letter, nearly 3 years ago, to the present Lord Chancellor, his views as to the great question of reform were unfolded, and will be found in many important respects to correspond with the bill now before Parliament. Not less the object of his latter exertions was the desire to ameliorate the system of prison discipline, and to impress upon those in authority that their great aim should be the reformation rather than the punishment of the criminal. The moral courage and integrity of mind which it required to maintain his opinions in earlier life, can only be fully estimated by those who know the circumstances in which he commenced his career in the world. In social intercourse the simplicity of his manners, his courtesy and kindness to all, and his affectionate interest in the welfare of his friends, have left an impression not to be effaced, and an example, which we feel assured cannot have been without its beneficial and enduring influence.

THE EX-KING OF SWEDEN, IN HIS EXILE AT FRANKFORT. He is a man of imposing exterior, with a firm upright, military port. His dress, in cut and color, that of an English gentleman—blue coat, gilt buttons, fastened close round the gorge, light blue pantaloons, well polished Hessian boots, and a cane of considerable weight and dimensions. When taking his evening walk, he observe with an air of suspicion or scrutiny every individual that passes. A person of his peculiar eccentricities of mind, and strange vicissitudes of worldly circumstance, must always excite curiosity and attention wherever he appears; but individuals have carried this propensity a little too far, so as to forget the delicacy and courtesy due to, and expected by, the royal exile. This, it also appears, he has both remarked and resented, and in terms surpassing verbal remonstrance. He is a man of impetuous temperament; and this fostered by the proud accessaries of family history, renders him a little over-sensitive on the point of etiquette, and prone to resent any thing that appears to infringe upon his prerogative. Not long since a person of consideration, attracted by this royal phenomenon, carried his curiosity so far as to follow him in his evening walk, which led to a challenge: the gentleman, however, excused himself the intended honor, on the plea of inferior rank.

Marrying in Scotland. In Scotland, as almost every one knows, there is a strong disinclination to marrying in the month of May, the celebration of nuptials in that month being looked upon as “uncannie.” The effect of this usage, or superstition, or whatever it may be called, necessarily throws a greater number of marriages into the month of June than occurs in any other period throughout the year: and that month has consequently become as remarkable for marriages as the preceding month for the lack of them. From the proclamations of bans made in the various parish churches, it would appear that in Glasgow and suburbs there cannot have been fewer than 300 couples married since the beginning of this month.

Glasgow Chronicle.

From the Lady's Book.
COUNTRY LODGINGS.—A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.
"Cousin a morn."

It has often been a subject of surprise to me, that so many even of those gifted people who are fortunate enough to possess both sorts of sense (common and uncommon) show, nevertheless, on some occasions a strange disinclination to be guided by the self-evident truth that in all cases where the evil preponderates over the good, it is better to reject the whole than to endure a large portion of certain evil, for the sake of a little sprinkling of probable good. I can think of nothing, just now, that will more aptly illustrate my position, than the practice so prevalent in the summer months of quitting a commodious and comfortable home, in this most beautiful and convenient of cities for the purpose of what is called boarding out of town: and wilfully encountering an assemblage of almost all "the ills that flesh is heir to," in the vain hope of finding superior coolness in those establishments that go under the denomination of country lodgings, and are sometimes to be met with in insulated locations, but generally in the unpaved and dusty streets of the villages and hamlets that are scattered about the vicinity of Philadelphia.

These places are adopted as substitutes for the springs or the sea-shore; and it is also not unusual for persons who have already accomplished the fashionable tour, to think it expedient to board out of town for the remainder of the summer, or till they are frightened home by the autumnal epidemics.

I have more than once been prevailed on to try this experiment in the universal search after coolness, which occupies so much of the attention of my fellow citizens from June to September, and the result has been uniformly the same; a conviction that a mere residence beyond the city, is not an infallible remedy for all the *degradations* of summer, and that (to say nothing of other discomforts) it is possible to feel the heat more in a small house out of the town than in a large house within it.

The last time I was induced to make a trial of the delights of country lodgings, I had been told of a very genteel lady whose late husband was highly connected in Europe, and who had taken a charming house at a short distance from the city, with the intention of accommodating boarders for the summer; and I finally allowed myself to be prevailed on to become an inmate of her domicile, as I had just returned from the north and found the weather still very warm.

Two of my friends, a lady and a gentleman, accompanied me when I went to engage my apartment, and we soon arrived at a white frame house with green window shutters in front, and also a gate, a short gravel walk, two grass plots and four Lombardy poplars, trees, which though exploded in the city, still keep their ground in out-of-town-places.

There was no knocker, but after hammering and shaking the door for near five minutes, it was at last opened by a bare-footed bound girl, who hid herself behind it as if ashamed to be seen. She had a ragged light calico frock, the body of which was only kept together by pins, and a profusion of long yellow hair was hanging about her shoulders. On inquiring if Mrs. Netherby was at home, the girl scratched her head and replied, that she would go and see, and then left us standing at the door. A black servant would have opened the parlor, ushered us in, and with smiles and curtsies requested us to be seated. However, we took the liberty of entering without invitation; and the room being perfectly dark, we also used the freedom of opening one of the shutters. The floor was covered by a mat which fitted to nowhere, and showed evidence of long service. Whatever air might have been introduced through the place was effectually excluded by a thick chimney-board, covered with a square of wall paper representing King George IV., visiting his candle-stand.—I afterwards found that Mrs. Netherby was very proud of a tinge of English blood. The mantelpiece was higher than our heads, and therefore the mirror that adorned it was too elevated to be of any use. It was also decorated with two pasteboard baskets, edged with gilt paper, and painted with bunches of calico-looking flowers, two fire-screens ditto, and two card racks in the shape of harps, with loose and crooked strings of gold thread. In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned round tea-table, the feet black with age, and the top covered with one of those cloths of unbleached linen that always look like dirty white. The curiosities of the centre table consisted of a tumbler of marigolds; a dead souvenir, which had been a living one in 1826; a scrap-work-box stuck all over with figures of men, women, and children, which had been most wicked.

ly cut out of engravings and deprived of their back grounds for this purpose; an album with wishy-washy drawings and sickening verses; and a china writing apparatus, guiltless of ink, sand, or wafers.

The walls were ornamented with enormous heads, drawn in black crayon. One represented Innocence and had a crooked mouth; a second was Benevolence with a crooked nose; and a third was Veneration turning up two eyes of unequal size. The flesh of one of these heads looked like satin; another had the effect of velvet; and the third resembled plush.

All these things savoured of much unfounded pretension, but we did not then know that they were chiefly the work of Mrs. Netherby herself, who, as we learned in the sequel, had been blest with a boarding school education, and considered herself a woman of great taste and high polish.

It was a long time before the lady made her appearance, as we had arrived in the midst of the siesta, in which it was the custom of every member of the establishment (servants included) to indulge themselves during the greatest part of the afternoon, with the exception of the Landlady, who was left up to "mind the house." Mrs. Netherby was a tall, thin, sharp-faced woman, with an immense cap that stood out all round and circled her head like a halo, and was embellished with an enormous quantity of yellowish gauze ribbon, that seemed to incorporate with her heavy yellow curls; fair hair being much affected by ladies who have survived all other fairness. She received us with abundance of smiles and compliments, and affection, and on making known my business, I was conducted up stairs to see a room which she said would suit me exactly. Mrs. Netherby was what is called "a sweet woman."

The room was small but looked tolerably well, and though I was not much prepossessed in favor of either the house or the lady, I was unwilling that my friends should think me too fastidious, and it was soon arranged that I should take possession the following day.

Next afternoon I arrived; and tea being ready soon after, I was introduced to the other boarders as they came down from their respective apartments. The table was set in a place dignified with the title of "the dining room," but which was in reality a sort of ante-kitchen, and was located between the acknowledged kitchen and the parlor. It still retained vestiges of a dresser, part of which was entire, in the shape of the broad lower shelf and the under closets. This was painted red, and Mrs. Netherby called it the sideboard. The room was narrow, the ceiling was low, the sun-beams had shone full upon the windows the whole afternoon; and the heat was extreme. A black man waited on the tea-table, with his coat out at the elbows and a marvellous dirty apron, not thinking it worth while to wear good clothes in the country; and while he was attentive enough to every one else, he made a point of disregarding or disobeying every order given to him by Mrs. Netherby; knowing that she would not dare to dismiss him for so trifling a cause as disrespect to herself, and run the risk of getting no one in his place; it being always understood that servants confer a great favor on their employers when they condescend to go with them into the country. Behind Mrs. Netherby's chair stood the long-haired bound-girl (called Anna by her mistress, and Nance by Bayard, the black waiter) waving a green poplar branch, by way of fly-brush and awkwardly flitting it in every one's face.

The aspect of the tea-table was not inviting. Every thing was in the smallest possible quantity that decency would allow. There was a plate of rye-bread, and a plate of wheat, and a basket of crackers; another plate with half a dozen paltry cakes, that looked as if they had been bought under the old Court House; some morsels of dried beef on two little tea-cup plates; and a small glass dish of that preparation of curds, which in vulgar language is called smear-case, but whose nom de guerre is cottage-cheese, at least that was the appellation given it by our hostess. The tea was so weak that it was difficult to discover whether it was black or green, but finding it undrinkable, I asked for a glass of milk; and when Bayard brought me one, Mrs. Netherby said with a smile, "See what it is to live in the country."—Though, after all, we were not out of sight of Christ Church Steeple.

The company consisted of a lady with three very bad children; another with two very insipid daughters, who, like their mother, seemed utterly incapable of conversation; and a Mrs. Pownsey, who talked "an infinite deal of nothing," and soon took occasion to let me know that she had a very handsome house in the city. The gentlemen belonging to these ladies never came out till after tea, and returned to town early in the morning.

Towards sunset, I proposed walking with the two young ladies, but they declined on account of the dark, and we returned to the parlor, in which there was no light, during the whole evening, as Mrs. Netherby declared that she thought nothing was more pleasant than to sit in a dark room in the summer; and when we caught a momentary glimpse from the candles which were carried past the door as the people went up and down stairs, we had the pleasure of finding that innumerable cock-roaches were running over the floor, and probably over our feet; those detestable insects having also a fancy for darkness.

The youngest of the mothers went up stairs to assist her maid in the arduous task of putting the children to bed, a business which occupied the whole evening; though the eldest boy stoutly refused to go at all, and stretching himself on the settee, he slept there till ten o'clock, when his father carried him off screaming. The gentlemen talked altogether of trade. Some neighbors came in and nearly fell over us in the dark; and finding the parlor (which had but one door) most insupportably warm, I took my seat in the entry, whence I was followed by Mrs. Pownsey, a lady of the Malaprop school, who had been talking to me all the evening of her daughters Mary Margaret and Sarah Susan, they being now on a visit to an aunt in Jersey. These young ladies had been educated, as their mother informed me, entirely by herself, on a plan of her own, and, as she assured me, with complete success; for Sarah Susan, the youngest (though only ten years old) was already reputed as quite a phenomenon, and as to Mary Margaret, she was an absolute prodigy.

"I teach them altogether myself," said she, "except their French, and music and drawing, in which they take lessons from the first masters. And Mr. Bullhead, an English gentleman, comes twice a week to attend to their reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the grammar of geography. They have never a moment to themselves, but are kept busy from morning till night. You know that idleness is the root of all evil."

"It is certainly the root of much evil," I replied, "but you knew the old adage, which will apply equally to both sexes, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'

"Oh! they often play," resumed Mrs. Pownsey, "in the evening after they have learned their lessons, they have games of arithmetic and history, and beauty, and all such instructive diversions. I allow them no other plays. Their minds are certainly well stored with the arts and sciences. At the same time, as I wish them to acquire a sufficient idea of what is going on in the world, I permit them every day to read over the *Marianne List* in our *New-York paper*, the *Chemical Gazette*, to give them a knowledge of ships; and also Mr. Walsh's *Expert in his Gazette*; though I believe he does not write these little mean things himself, but hires Mr. Addison, and Mr. Bacon, and Mr. Locke, and other such gentlemen for the purpose. The *Daily Chronicle* I never allow them to touch, for there is almost always a story in every paper, and none of these stories are warranted to be true, and reading falsehoods will teach them to tell lies."

I was much amused with this process of reasoning, though I have heard such logic more than once, on the subject of fictitious narratives.

"But," said I, "you do not surely interdict all works of imagination. Do you never permit your daughters to read books of amusement?"

"Never," replied this wisest of mothers. "Amusement is the high road to vice. Indeed with all their numerous studies, they have very little time for reading. And when they have, I take care that they shall read nothing but works of instruction, such as Mr. Bullhead selects for them. They are told he is not the same Rowland that makes the *Maccassar oil* and have already got through seven volumes. Their Aunt Watson, (who, between ourselves, is rather a weak-minded woman,) is shocked at the children reading that book, and says it is filled with crimes and horrors; but, of course, it is proper that little girls should know all such things. That is the only use of history. And they will derive far more benefit from Rowland, than from reading Miss Edgeworth's story books, that Aunt Watson is always recommending."

"Have they never read the history of their own country?" said I.

"The *History of America*!" exclaimed Mrs. Pownsey, "Oh! that is of no consequence at all, and Mr. Bullhead says it is never read in England. And after they have got through Rowland they are going to begin Sully's *Memoirs*. I know Mr. Sully very well, he painted my portrait; and when they have read it, I will make the

girls relate to me his whole history. Now we talk of pictures, you have no idea what beautiful things my daughters can paint. The very first time I saw her, her first thought is to see who did the pictures, that she may know which to praise and which not. There are a great many artists now, but I remember the time when almost all the pictures I saw were done by Mr. Sculp and Mr. Fink. And then as to music!—I wish you could hear my daughters. Their execution is wonderful—They can play crochets quite as well as quivers; and they sing the great Hunting Chorus in *Der Froschet*, equal to the Musical Fund."

So much for the lady that educated her daughters herself.

And still, when the mother is judicious and capable, I know no system of education that is likely to be attended with such complete success, as that which keeps the child under the immediate superintendence of those who are naturally the most interested in her improvement and welfare; and which removes her from the contagion of bad example, and the danger of forming improper or unprofitable acquaintances. Some of the finest minds I have ever known have received all their cultivation at home; and the results have been most fortunate. But the contrary must inevitably be the case, when the arduous task of education is undertaken by a vain and ignorant parent.

About nine o'clock Mrs. Netherby had begun to talk of the lateness of the hour, giving hints that it was time to think of retiring for the night, and calling Bayard to shut up the house; which order he did not think proper to obey till after ten. I then adjourned to my own apartment, the evening having appeared to me of almost interminable length, as all evenings do that are passed without light.

The night was warm, and after removing the chimney-head, I left the sash of my window open; though I had been cautioned not to do so, and told that in the country the night air was always unwholesome. But I remembered Dr. Franklin's admirable essay on the art of sleeping well. It was long before I closed my eyes, as the heat was intense, and my bed very uncomfortable; but in the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by a most terrible shrieking and bouncing in my room, and evidently close upon me. I started up in a fright, and soon ascertained the presence of two cats who having commenced a duel on the rails of an old blighted grape-vine (that unhappily ran under the back windows,) had sprung in at the open sash, and were fighting the fight on my bed, by biting and scratching each other in a style that an old backwoodsman would have recognized as the true rough and tumble.

With great difficulty I succeeded in expelling these fiendish visitors, and to prevent their return there was nothing to be done but to close the sash. There were no shutters, and the only screen was a scanty muslin curtain divided down the middle with so wide a gap that it was impossible to close it effectually. The air being now excluded, the heat was so intolerable as to prevent me from sleeping, and the cats remained on the trellis, looking in at the window with their glaring eyes, yelling and scratching at the glass, and trying to get in after some mice that were beginning to course about the floor.

The heat, the cats, and the mice, kept me awake till near morning, and I fell asleep about day-light; when I dreamed that a large cat stood at my bed-side, and slowly and gradually swelling to the size of a tiger, darted its long claws into my throat. Of course I again awoke in a fright, and regretted my own large airy room in the city, where I had no trellis under my windows, and where the sashes were made to slide down from the top.

I rose early with the intention of taking a walk, (as was my custom when in town,) but the grass was covered with dew, and the road was ankle-deep in dust. So I contented myself with making several circuits round the garden, where I saw four altheas, one rose-tree, and two currant bushes, with a few common flowers on each side of a grassy gravel walk; neither the landlord nor the tenant being willing to go to any farther expense in improving the domain; the grape-vine and trellis having been erected by a former occupant, a Frenchman who had golden visions of wine-making.

At breakfast we were regaled with muddy water mis-called coffee, a small dish of doubtful eggs, and another of yellowish cucumbers, and two plates containing round white lumps of heavy half-baked dough, dignified by the title of Mary-

land biscuit. The dinner consisted of very salt fried ham and a pair of skeleton chickens, with a small black looking leg of mutton, and a few vegetables set about on little plates. There was, however, a pitcher of milk for those who chose to drink milk at dinner. For the dessert, we had hard green pears, hard green apples, two unripe cantelopes, and a small whitish watermelon. "What a fine thing it is to be in the country and have such abundance of fruit," said Mrs. Netherby, "I can purchase every thing of the kind from my next neighbor."

The truth is, that even when there is really an inclination to furnish a good table, there is always much difficulty and inconvenience in procuring the requisite articles at any place out of town, that is not absolutely a farm, and where the arrangements are not on an extensive scale. Mrs. Netherby, however, made no apology for any deficiency, but always went on with the most perfect sang-froid, praising every thing, and wondering how people could think of remaining in the city, when they might pass the summer in the country. As the gentlemen ate all their meals in town, (a proof of their wisdom) ours were very irregular as to time; Mrs. Netherby supposing it could make no difference to ladies, or to any persons who had not business that required their attention.

Two days after my arrival, the dust having been laid by a shower, Mrs. Pownsey and myself set out to walk on the road, in the latter part of the afternoon. When I came home, I found the washing-stand had been removed from my room, and the basin and pitcher placed in the corner on a little triangular shelf, that had formerly held a flower-pot. The mirror was also gone, and as a substitute, I found a little half-dollar Dutch glass in a narrow red frame. The two best chairs were also missing, one only being left, and that a broken one; and a calico quilt had taken the place of the white dimity bed-cover. I found that these articles had been abstracted to furnish a chamber that was as yet disengaged, by way of alluring a new comer. Next morning after my room had been put in order, I perceived that the mattress had been exchanged for a thin feather-bed, and on inquiring the reason of Mrs. Netherby, she informed me, with much sweetness, that it had been taken for two southern ladies who were coming that day, and who being southern, could not possibly sleep on any thing but a mattress, and that she hoped it would be no inconvenience to me, for it would be a great disadvantage to her if they declined coming.

In short, almost every day, something disappeared from my room to assist in fitting up apartments for strangers; the same articles being afterwards transferred to others that were still unoccupied. But what else was to be done, when Mrs. Netherby represented the impossibility of getting things at a short notice from town.

My time passed very monotonously. The stocks of books I had brought with me was too soon exhausted, and I had no sewing of any importance. The nonsense of Mrs. Pownsey became very tiresome, and the other ladies were mere automatas. The children were taken sick (as children generally are at country lodgings,) and fretted and cried all the time. I longed for the society of my friends in the city, and for the unceremonious evening visits that are so pleasant in the summer.

After a trial of two weeks, during which I vainly hoped that custom would reconcile me to much that had annoyed me at first, I determined to return to Philadelphia; in the full persuasion that this would be my last essay at boarding out of town.

I have no doubt that summer establishments may be found, in many respects more agreeable than the one I have attempted to describe; but it has not been my good fortune or that of my friends, who have adopted this plan of getting through the warm weather, to meet with any country lodgings (of course I have no reference to decided farm-houses,) in which the comparison was not palpably in favor of the superior advantages of remaining in a commodious mansion in the city, surrounded with the comforts of home, and "all the appliances and means to boot," which only a large town can furnish.

A teacher one day endeavouring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said to him, "a passive expresses the nature or receiving of an action, as Peter is beaten! now what did Peter do?" The numbskull paused a moment, and scratching his head by way of aiding thought, with the gravest thought imaginable, replied, "Well I don't know without he hollered!"

From the Saturday Courier
THE GHOST OF DRAWYER'S MEETING;
OR, THE FISHERMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.*

Ye grave and gay, attention pay,
While I a story tell,
Of what a plight, a nameless wight,
In other days befel.

With line and hook, he sought a brook,
That runs near Drawyer's Meeting;
But few I ween, of fish were seen,
The angler's basket greeting.

Ott and again, our friend in vain,
Assay'd each angling quibble;
The fish took fright, and so our wight
Caught nothing but a nibble.

Still in the brook he threw his hook,
And fished with main and might;
Bad luck to blame, 'twas all the same,
He caught—caught what? a bite!

But worse to bad, he now might add,
For night was gathering in;
And wth it came a drenching rain,
That soaked him to the skin.

Ah me! he thought, I've dearly bought
The little fun I've had;
If I could see a hollow tree
I would be very glad.

But hollow trees, just when you please,
Are not so easily found;
Though hollow pates and rotten states,
Delightfully abound.

Thus thought our friend, as he did wend
His way, with lagging step;
And as he hied, at times he cried—
"Oh dear! I'm very wet."

With fallen crest, still on he press'd,
In most unseemly plight;
The mud and dirt bedaubed his skirt—
It was the noon of night!!

A twinkling light regaled his sight,
While in this hapless lurch;
And as he sped, his footsteeps led
Up to the village church.

Its portal gained, deep darkness reign'd
Throughout its silent halls;
No ghostly sheep, or light was seen,
Within its ivy'd walls.

With pious qualm, Hodge sung a psalm,
To drive away a chill:—
Save when the owl and he did howl,
All, all was sadly still.

And yet 'twas plain, he must remain,
Or other quarters search;
The first was best, so on he press'd,
For shelter in the church.

As up the aisle, he went the while—
His footsteeps loudly clattered;
While straight with fear, up stood his hair—
His dancing teeth they chatter'd.

Within a pew he soon withdrew,
And laid him down to sleep;
While sheet-clad hosts of troubled ghosts
Sighed their mystic vigils keep.

Night wore apace, as through the place
Unearthly echoes rose;
Say! whence the sound, that rings around?
Is't from his tuneful nose?

That sound which floats in liquid notes,
Is dying on the ear;
While darkness glooms, amid the tombs,
Within the church-yard near.

What noise is that, which goes pit-pat
Upon the window pane;
Is it a sprite, that walks at night,
Or is it but the rain?

The thunder roar'd, the rain it pour'd,
The door flew open wide;
When up the aisle, is seen the while,
A sable form to glide.

With echoed tread, its way it sped,
Up to the pulpit stairs;
The noise awoke our friend, who broke
Into a fit of—prayers.

Meanwhile the form, despite the storm,
Is heard to pace the floor;
It paus'd—stood still—it whistled shrill—
Bang! went the chapel door.

Another sound, which I'll be bound,
Did make our hero sick;

* The incident on which this ballad is founded is well remembered by some of the older living chroniclers in a neighboring village.

Close in his rear, assailed his ear,
With ominous click! click!
With four, half dead, he poked his head
From out his hiding place;
And then, I ween, a sight was seen,
That such a night would grace.

For through the dark, spark after spark,
Fell in succession quick;
The fire it rolled, his blood ran cold—
The noise it went click! click!

With effort bold, and speed untold,
Hodge tilted for the door;
And coursed his way, without delay,
Full many a puddle o'er.

When daylight came, and sleep and shame
Had somewhat calm'd his morn;
With whitened brow, he told as how,
Hobgoblins he had seen.
He also told, how all so bold,
He shew'd the ghosts fight;
And how they ran, all to a man,
Before his arm of might.

And soon 'twas blown throughout the town,
And other news supplanted,

That countless hosts of pale-faced ghosts
Had Drawyer's meeting haunted.

* * * * *

Noon came, and still the fearful news was flying
The country round, about the aforesaid ghost;

When, by the inn, a stranger was seen tying

His jaded palfrey to the white-wash'd post.

His form was wrapp'd within a cambric's fold,
His head was covered with a half-worn beaver;

His stride was long, his air was proud and bold,

His face was flush'd with travelling hard or fever,

"Waiter," he cried, "come black my muddy boots,

And put my baggage safely in the inn;

Hostler—go, give my horse a pint of oats:

Landlord, give me a pint of Holland gin."

"Stranger," said Boniface, "you seem alarm'd

At something that has been, or is to come;

Has any thing your health or spirits harmed,

That you would soak them in a pint of rum?"

"Landlord!" said he, "'twas only yester-night,

When I sought shelter from the pelting storm

In yonder church, I saw a fearful sight!

It was a devil in a human form!

"I was array'd in this same cambric cloak,
Pacing the floor to keep from catching cold;

And thought myself to take a social smoke,

To wile away the hours that slowly roll'd.

So, with my flint and steel, I struck a light,

Whistling a catch, to cheer myself meanwhile;

When from the floor there rose a horrid sprite,

That tore, full split, adown the sounding aisle.

"The portal gain'd with many a fearful clang

He forc'd it open, issuing thence with haste:

The door it clos'd with long re-echoed bang,

While I the floor with faltering footsteps pac'd.

"As soon as morn sent forth its cheering light,

I sought the shelter of neighboring cot—

But never can the scene of yester-night

From memory fade, or vanish from my thought."

* * * * *

Reader, if I were prone to moralizing,

I'd venture now, to be so dryly bold;

But waving that—to save apologizing—

One story's good until the other's told!

* * * *

VARIETY.

Ventriloquy. During Mr. Love, the Ventriloquist's sojourn in Dublin, he happened to visit Dr. R——, in Stephen's-green. The Dr. wishing to create a little amusement for his lady, who was considerably indisposed, requested Mr. Love to favor them with some trifling specimens of his powers. The Doctor's servant, a lad who was not overburdened with the article of brains, and who was unacquainted with Mr. L.'s person, was selected as the object. While he was in the act of removing the cloth after dinner, a sudden and loud call was heard in the passage—"Joe, my lad, come and help me to finish the bottle of wine we stole out of your master's cellar last night." The surprise of Joseph may be more easily conceived than described. He proceeded to the door—saw nobody, but speedily heard the same voice in the cellar, crying out that he had unluckily knocked the spittoon out of a barrel of ale, and the stingo was inundating the cellar. Honest Joseph, who now began to entertain very considerable doubts as to whether he was awake or the reverse, rushed down to the cellar, where finding every thing in a quiescent state, he returned pale and speechless to the dining room. Indeed he strove to

speak, but his tongue refused its office, and his words, like Macbeth's "stuck in his throat." The invisible speaker was then heard in the street, and finally upon the roof of the house. The Doctor and his lady, now almost bursting with laughter, considering that the joke had been carried far enough, informed poor Joseph that the whole had been a deception on the part of Mr. Love, the ventriloquist, of which they had some difficulty in persuading him.

Dublin Paper.

A live Irish Grave Digger and a dead M. P. By the will of an old lady, who has recently died at an advanced age and reduced circumstances, she was to be buried near a favorite son, who had been a celebrated lawyer and a member of the Irish parliament. The grave digger of Donnybrook, where the gentleman's remains were deposited, was accordingly sent to, who agreed with the daughter and executrix of the old lady to raise the stone, and replace it, for 16s. 3d. and went away to execute his commission. The evening of the same day, as the affectionate daughter was sitting between light and dark, grief and resignation, a knock was heard at the door, and, to her great surprise, she heard the grave digger clamoring to see her. Upon being admitted, he poured forth his wrongs in the following manner: "Why, then, upon my conscience now, Miss, I don't know how you could find it in your heart to be after imposing upon a poor man with a big little family in such an out of the way manner. Sure enough, when left this, I goes to the stone; and, I says, I'll call Billy to read the superscription, because, Miss, it does not come to my turn to get any inheritance, and there I hears him reharse that Mr. Donovan was a king's counsellor and an M. P. At that rising time, not knowing the meaning of an M. P., says I to Billy, run in for the spelling book, and may be you'll find it out; and so, accordingly, in the brivations we found that M. P. was the long way of saying a member of parliament. So, upon hearing that, myself throws down my spade, and says I, death and ours Pat Delany, it's a pretty way you were going to be bamboozed, to go for to be axed to rise up a king's privy member of the parliament council for a lousy 16s. 3d. Devil from me it's a great shame for you. Miss! and so, Miss, in consideration of your being a maiden lady, and likely to become a customer, I'll do your job for you for a thirty shilling round note; and may I never go home if I take a farthing less!" After a good deal of bargaining, Miss Donovan at length reduced his demand to a guinea, and the funeral proceeded without interruption.

The late Mrs. Siddons gave frequent evidence, in conversation, of those deficiencies of education which the force of genius enabled her to surmount on the stage. During one day at the house of a nobleman distinguished by the literary character of its familiar circle, she was placed next the Baron Auguste de Stael, who thought to gratify the tragic muse by describing the enthusiasm of the Parisians for the works of Shakespeare. After specifying some friend of his own who could repeat the tragedy of Hamlet from beginning to end, Mrs. Siddons inquired in her usual rhymical measure, "And lives that worthy man in this clime?" The Baron replied that his friend was no more; that he died suddenly in a fit "dau son bureau." Unfortunately this familiarly-associated word presented nothing to the mind of his gifted auditors, but the idea of a chest of drawers; and she immediately replied with great naïveté,—"In his bureau?—poor man? How go he there, I marvel?"

The demeanor of Mrs. Siddons was rarely divested in private life of the solemnity contracted during her histrionic functions. It is said that a Bath shopman was frightened into a fit by the scrutinizing eye and sepulchral tone with which, during the purchase of a piece of calico, she once inquired, "Did you say, sir, this would wash?"

Street Smoking. We never see a person indulging in this very impolite practice on the public street but our bowels yearn within us for the lamentable state of his intellect. There are only two classes among street smokers, namely, puppies and blackguards. You will know the former by their bushy hair,oggle eyes, and emaciated jaws; they generally appear in crowded thoroughfares, with a cigar in their teeth, through which smoke and impurity issue without intermission. The second class wear very light slippers, smoke fearfully black cutties, and keep the one eye on their fob, while the other is reclining on their breast pocket. There is no doubt, however, that some respectable persons may be found who take a cigar on the street, but these being so few in number, compared with the class we have described, they should really show their deference to public opinion, and that they have a sense of their own honor and character, by desisting from a practice in which so many of the opposite character indulge. Bakers and sweeps—greatly superior men to most of the street smokers, are obliged, by the police reg-

ulations, to keep at a distance from the paved pavements, and we think the police would do well to mitigate the public nuisance complained of, by compelling every person with a cigar in his mouth, to take his place among the bestial on the causeway.

Scotman.

Brever is the Soul of War.—Col. S——, of the Royal Marines, was always distinguished for the perspicuity and brevity of his speeches, of which the following is a specimen, which was delivered in the battle of the Nile. Sir James Saumarez, who commanded the man of war to which he belonged, had in a lengthened speech, wound up the feelings to the highest pitch of ardor for the fight, by reminding them of duty they owed to their king and country; and though, last not least, he desired them to call to mind their families, their parents, and sweethearts, and to fight as if the battle solely depended on their individual exertions. He was answered by looks and gestures highly expressive of their determination; when turning to our hero, he said, "Now S——, I leave you to speak to the marines." Colonel S——, immediately directed their attention to the land beyond the French fleet, "Do you see that land there?" he asked. They all shouted, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Now, my lads, that's the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils, you'll soon be in the house of islamage." He was answered by a real British yell, fore and aft.

The autopsy of Granier, which was performed fifty hours after his death, has disappointed in many respects the expectation of medical men. The stomach, far from having collapsed by sixty three days' abstinence from food, presented its usual size—so that, from the mere inspection of it, the death of the individual could not have been attributed to want of food. This organ contained about a glassful of greenish liquid, presumed to be gastric juice. The intestines exhibited nothing extraordinary. The muscles, although reduced to simple membranes, by the effect of complete marasmus, were red, and their fibers rigid, which is very remarkable. The body, naturally strong, and five feet one inch in height, weighed only fifty-two pounds. Some peculiar appearances connected with the Craniologist system may serve for the illustration of Mr. Galt's doctrine, which, however, is considered far from infallible. On examining the head, there was found a very striking protuberance, immediately above and behind the orifice of the ear. Dr. Galt designated this as the seat of the blood-thirsty instinct. On the crown of the head the author marks a protuberance as the distinctive sign of goodness, piety, and the love of God. Granier had a well known that he constantly refused the succor of religion. Finally, behind that cavity, and on the same line, there were two protuberances, announcing firmness of character and perverse.

Paris Paper.

[Granier was a criminal, who refused to take any food when in prison.]

When we look at a field of corn, we find that those stocks which raise their heads the highest are the emptiest. The same is the case with men, those who assume the greatest consequence have generally the least share of judgment and ability.

SPLENDID CAPITALS! \$50,000, 40,000, 30,000, 20,000, 10,000 shillings to be drawn, all of which may be obtained at **BIGNALL'S FORTUNATE OFFICE**, 114 Broadway, 35 Wall street, Jersey City or Hoboken. D. Bignall has the pleasure of presenting to his friends and patrons the following splendid schemes of Lotteries soon to be drawn, amounting to 2,000,000 dollars.

Aug. 27, Union Canal Lottery, class 17, 9 ballots, 5 prizes \$20,000.

Aug. 29, School fund, (R. I.) class 6, 9 ballots, 2 prizes \$6,000.

Aug. 31, N. York Consolidated Lottery, class 25, 10 ballots 4 prizes of \$15,000.

" " Virginia State Lottery, class 1, 9 ballots, 4 prizes of \$12,500.

Sept. 2, Virginia State, Lottery *all prizes*, class 16, 8 ballots, 5 prizes of \$15,000

" 5, Rhode Island School fund, class 7, 9 ballots, 3 prizes, of \$10,000

" 6, Delaware and N. Carolina Lottery, class 17, 6 ballots, 4 prizes of \$10,000

" 7, N. Y. Consolidated Lottery, class 7, 9 ballots, 5 prizes of \$20,000

" 9, Virginia State, class 3, 9 ballots, 4 prizes of \$12,500

" 10, Union Canal Lottery, class 18, 9 ballots, 10 prizes of \$12,500

Tickets in all foreign Lotteries managed by Yates & McIntyre, may be had at Bignall's Lottery Offices Jersey City and Hoboken; all prizes sold at the above places or elsewhere, will be cashed at his prize offices, 114 Broadway and 35 Wall st.

Orders inclosing the cash, or prize tickets, will meet with as prompt attention as if on personal application. Postage need not be paid. All information connected with Lotteries, will be given gratis at No. 114 Broadway, and 35 Wall st., where tickets in every variety of numbers in the N. Y. Lotteries may be obtained on liberal terms.

N. B. Bignall's Lottery Intelligencer, published weekly, will be forwarded gratis to those who order tickets at either of his offices.

POCKET-BOOK MANUFACTORY.
TANNER, 48 Nassau-street, New York
R. Pocket Book, Writing and Dressing Case Maker.

Aug. 20

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY, Extra Class No. 25, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 31st of Aug. 1831, at half past 4 P.M. 66 number Lottery 10 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	\$15,000	is	\$15,000
1	5,000		5,000
1	2,000		2,000
1	1,300		1,300
1	1,100		1,100
5	1,000		5,000
10	500		5,000
10	300		3,000
10	200		2,000
20	100		3,000
20	100		2,000
40	100		1,000
56	50		2,800
56	30		2,400
112	20		2,240
224	8		16,920
1540	4		61,600

18,040 prizes, amounting to \$157,280

YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.

E. GIDNEY, DENTIST,

HAVING occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons as his successor, Mr. J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazar Parry, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist.

E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 26 Park Place.

CASTLE GARDEN & CO.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray sts.

May 28

VEGETABLE CERATE AND HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Hair Restorative, and Preservative Vegetable Cerate,

A REMEDY for baldness and the falling off of the hair. For the last eight years this valuable discovery has gained the highest reputation, and has been used by more than 20,000 people, and given the greatest satisfaction.

The fullest reliance may be placed in the efficacy and power of the Vegetable Cerate, not only in restoring and preventing the falling off of the hair, but in producing the greatest lustre and liveliness of it imaginable; the verity of which has been proved by many years experience. It tends to resuscitate and excite the energies of the capillary vessels which constitute those organs that secrete the matter forming the hair; these, like many other organs of the animal body, which have been in a state of dormancy or disease, may be restored to their healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature. In many instances, that disagreeable disease among children, the scald head, has been effectually cured by the Cerate. Persons embarking on long voyages or going to warm climates, will find it to their advantage to take the Cerate with them, as all hot climates are so injurious to baldness. To guard against impositions, the Cerate is now put up in glass bottles, with the words "Vegetable Cerate and Hair Restorative," longitudinally blown in the glass. There are certificates left with the different agents, which are sufficient to convince any person who will call and read them, of the salutary effect this valuable article has on the production and growth of hair. The public are cautioned against a spurious imitation of the Cerate, and in order to prevent imposition, the sale of it will be confined in this city to the following drug stores—James H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chamber streets; Ruston & Aspinwall, 81 William street; Patrick Dickie, 413 Broadway; John B. Dodd, Franklin House, 193 Broadway; Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park; H. C. Thorp, 329 Broadway and David Perkins, 29 Maiden Lane.

Marshall C. Slocum, corner Broadway and Duane streets; Benjamin G. Jansen, 189 1/2 Hudson street; Dr. Church, 188 Bowery; and at the corner of William and Beekman streets, agents for the proprietor.

None are genuine except purchased from the above places. Price \$1 75 per bottle—\$15 per doz.

Dr. William Burgoine has been agent for these eight years in Charleston, S. C. and continues as such.

New York 16 March 19.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT LINE.

FOR ALBANY—From the new Steam-Boat Pier at the foot of Broadway.

PASSAGE \$2 MEALS EXTRA.

DAY LINE.

The low pressure steam-boat North America, Captain James Edison.

Leaves New-York Wednesday.

Tuesday, and Friday, and Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat Albany, Captain Joseph G. Jenkins.

Leaves New-York Wednesday.

Tuesday, and Friday, and Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat New Philadelphia, Captain George E. Seymour.

Leaves New-York Tuesday.

Tuesday, and Friday, and Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat Dewitt Clinton, Captain Sherman.

Leaves New-York Monday.

Monday, and Friday, and Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat Albany, Captain George E. Seymour.

Leaves Albany Tuesday.

Monday, and Friday, and Saturday.

The low pressure steam-boat New Philadelphia, Captain George E. Seymour.

Leaves Albany Tuesday.

Monday, and Friday, and Saturday.

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